Streisand, Stallone, Mansfield, Monroe: See XXX Evidence of Sex-Flick Rumors FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD NEW HOPE **BABY DOES** FOR MEN WHO **BACK-DOOR** SHOOT BLANKS SMUT QUEENS HOOKED ON BUTT LOVE **PORN STAR** HEROIN ACTION JIHAD FIGURES SMACK AS A TOOL BEND, SPREAD, POP-SHOT IN WAR FOR ALLAH One Fine 26 Cartoons for Honey Who's Hard-Core **Funny Bones Pretty in Pee DECEMBER 1999** 



# HUSTLER

**DECEMBER 1999** 

**VOLUME 26 NUMBER 6** 





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Edited by Matt Wayne

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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# ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

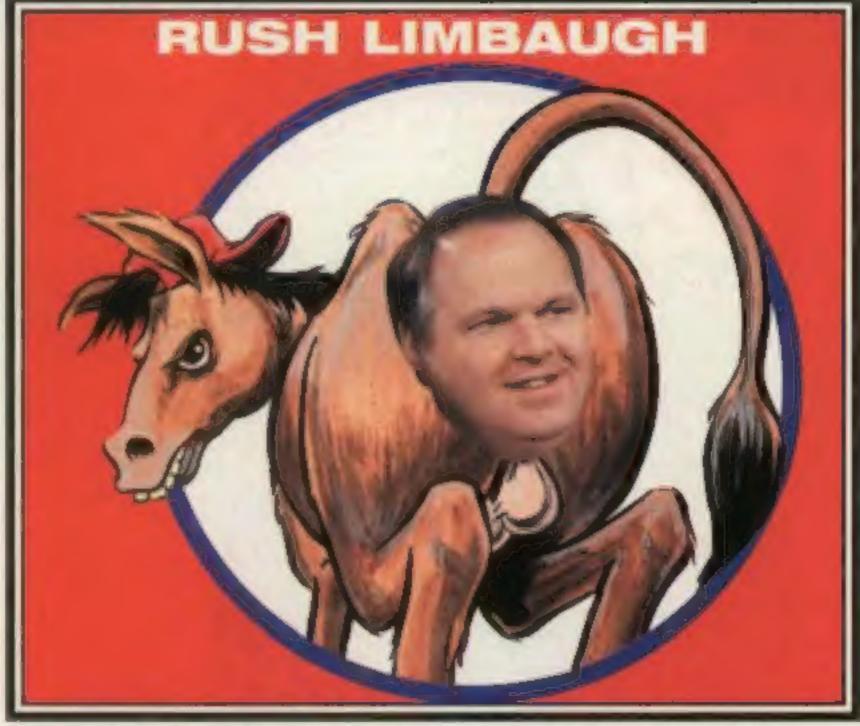
The real Rush Limbaugh tries to hide in his blubber; he tries to hide behind a microphone, unseen in a glassed-in radio room. The actual Rush attempts to conceal himself behind larger-than-life opinions, behind the bluster of his lies and his distortions. Rush wears a disguise of ideology, he is camouflaged by his money and by his hatemongering, but his secret is as obvious as a fat shit-eater's foul breath. Rush Limbaugh is a jealous pussy, and he has been exposed as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for December 1999.

"I need to like myself," says Rush, but how could that be possible? The true Rush Limbaugh is a lard boy with sweaty palms, pushing 50, and has been dumped by two wives. As a grown man, Rush depicted 13-year-old Chelsea Clinton on national television as the "White House dog."

Women, obviously, have caused the heavy-set, damp Limbaugh a lot of pain. Why else would a famous millionaire, ordained "the number-one voice for conservatism in our country" by Ronald Reagan, lash out at a defenseless 13-year-old girl who had done him no harm?

"Nice guys never get laid," explains Limbaugh. Was his cruel gibe at Chelsea perhaps a clumsy ploy to spark her romantic interest? "I've been afraid to [pursue a girlfriend]," confesses false-man Rush. "I don't want to get my feelings hurt. I don't want to feel sorry for myself or sad."

How does a guy who is on more than 500 radio stations for three hours a day, five days a week, with a daily audience estimated at between 14 and 20 million, who has raked in



as much as \$20 million in annual income, manage to: A) not get faid, and B) feel sorry for himself?

"It's tough being me," beefs Limbaugh. "There are a lot of people trying to convince me that I am a cut above mere humanity."

A naked peek in any mirror should shatter Limbaugh's delusions of superhuman grandeur, and a quick review of the radio ham's behavior places him among the lower orders.

Rush has proudly claimed, "One thing I'm not is a rumormonger," a boast betrayed in January 1999, when the on-air talker smeared Senator Richard Shelby (R-Alabama), announcing, "I hear he may have a Larry Flynt problem," insinuating that the Senator had committed

adultery. No grounds for this rumor ever surfaced in reality.

Limbaugh's failings are typical of the country-club hawk. "Never trust a draft dodger," he barks. But Limbaugh has coughed up various excuses for his own dodge of the Vietnam War, a "football injury," "a student deferment," an "inoperable cyst," a "high lottery number" and "a 4-F classification."

Limbaugh admitted under questioning that he had used marijuana more
than once, but he protested that he
should be immune from prosecution.
"I'm a conservative, and I was doing it
on an experimental basis."

Rush Limbaugh deplores the double standard, unless he's applying it to himself. "All of these rich guys," whimpers Rush, "like the Kennedy family, pretending to live just like we do, and they get away with this."

But Limbaugh has spent up to \$90,000 a year on limousines. How does he get away with pretending to live like an American wage-earner?

Rush describes hosting his radio show as "more fun than a human being should be allowed to have."

On July 19, 1999, Rush had fun using his talent, "on loan from God," to complain about and participate in the excessive media coverage of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s death.

"JFK Jr. was who he was by virtue of his family name," griped Rush, ignoring the role played in young Kennedy's popularity by his good looks, charm and public displays of humility, all traits alien to Rush. JFK Jr. was a nice guy who got laid.

"To listen to the media cover this," whined Rush, "John F. Kennedy Jr. could walk on water; he just couldn't fly over it." How does Limbaugh integrate this hate speech with his contention that "views such as mine are the epitome of morality and virtue"?

"I figured out how hard [Kennedy's] plane hit the water," continued Rush. "Seat belts are not much different than knives in a situation like that. What is going to be found here is not pleasant to ponder."

Does this morbid gloating further Rush's stated agenda of "clarifying our thoughts in a daily, relentless pursuit of the truth"?

There is no doubt about Rush's daily, relentless ambition. "I get up every day thinking I have to prove myself." Stay in bed from now on, Rush. You're a proven Asshole.

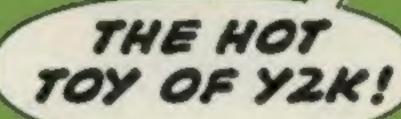
Laura Schlessinger: The best thing about born-again shrew Dr. Laura's radio show is the off button, a feature sadly lacking when Dr. Laura ventures into real life. Acting as national scold, Schlessinger attacked a California surf shop for including Big Brother skateboarding in a pile of magazines for customers.

#### FART IN THE WIND

Schlessinger mischaracterized Big Brother, owned by Larry Flynt Publications, as "pornography." She told her audience of 18 million that the surf store "intentionally put a HUSTLER Magazine, under the name Big Brother skateboarder," in view of kids. "If the manager would've said, 'Oh,

gee, this is not appropriate,' and put it away, then there wouldn't be a problem," said a Dr. Laura spokesperson. "It would've been pretty darn simple." Dr. Laura's a divorcée adulteress whose nude poses have appeared on the Internet and in HUSTLER. It's pretty darn simple to brand her an Asshole.





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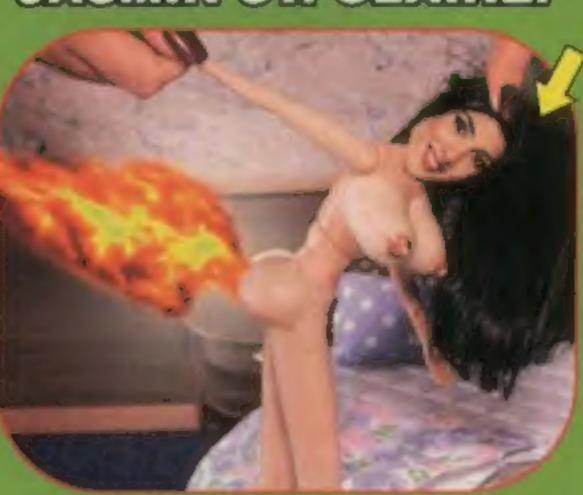
Just pull, and watch Fine
hoover string!

## RON JEREMY!



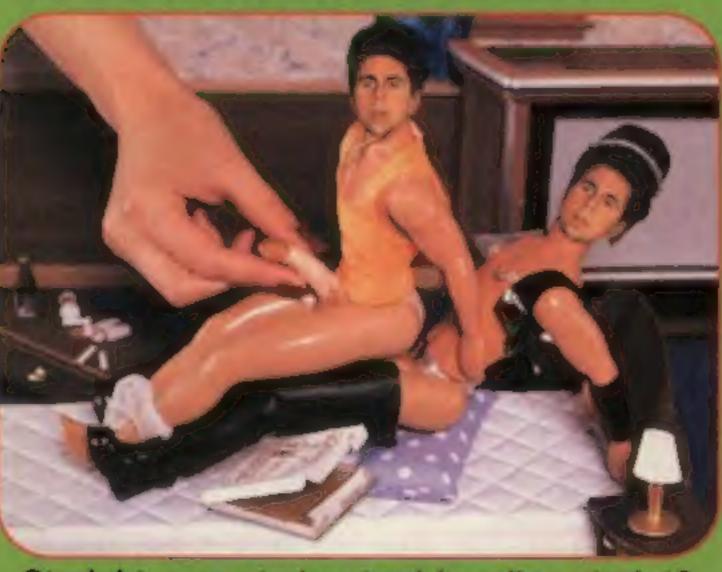
Makes a great lint brush. Like the real Hedgehog!

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## PETER NORTH/MATT RAMSEY!



Straight porn stud or turd-burgling starlet?
You decide!

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Push her brains back in—Savannah blows them out again!

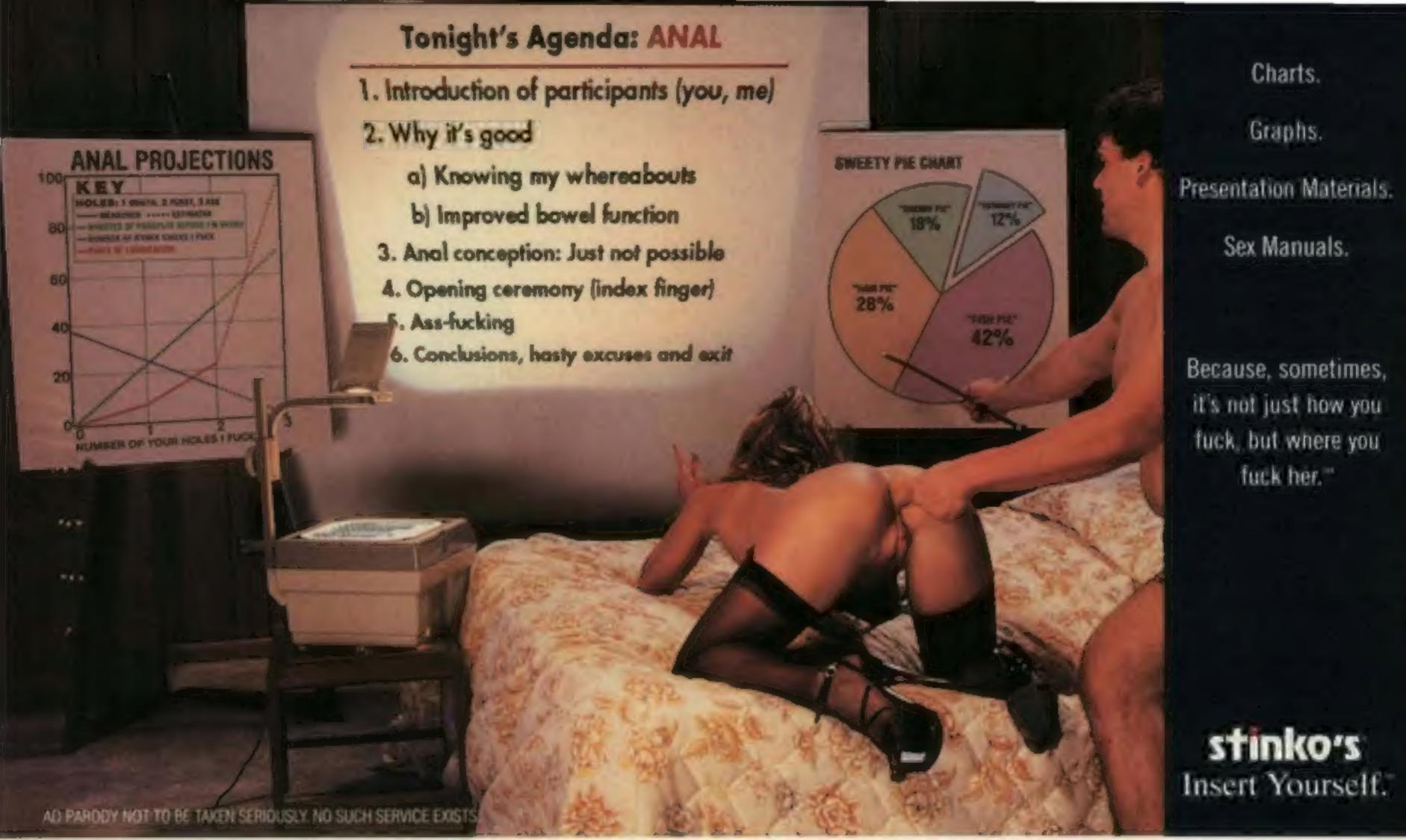
# OVERSTOCK SPECIAL



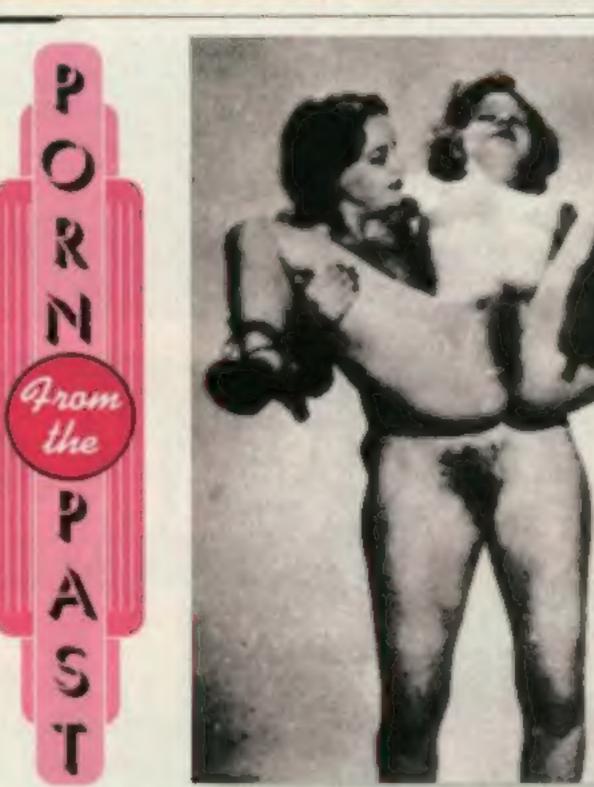
Generic Porn Slut: Lift her arm, and she grows huge, fake tits!

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PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, NO SUCH STORE OR TOYS EXIST.







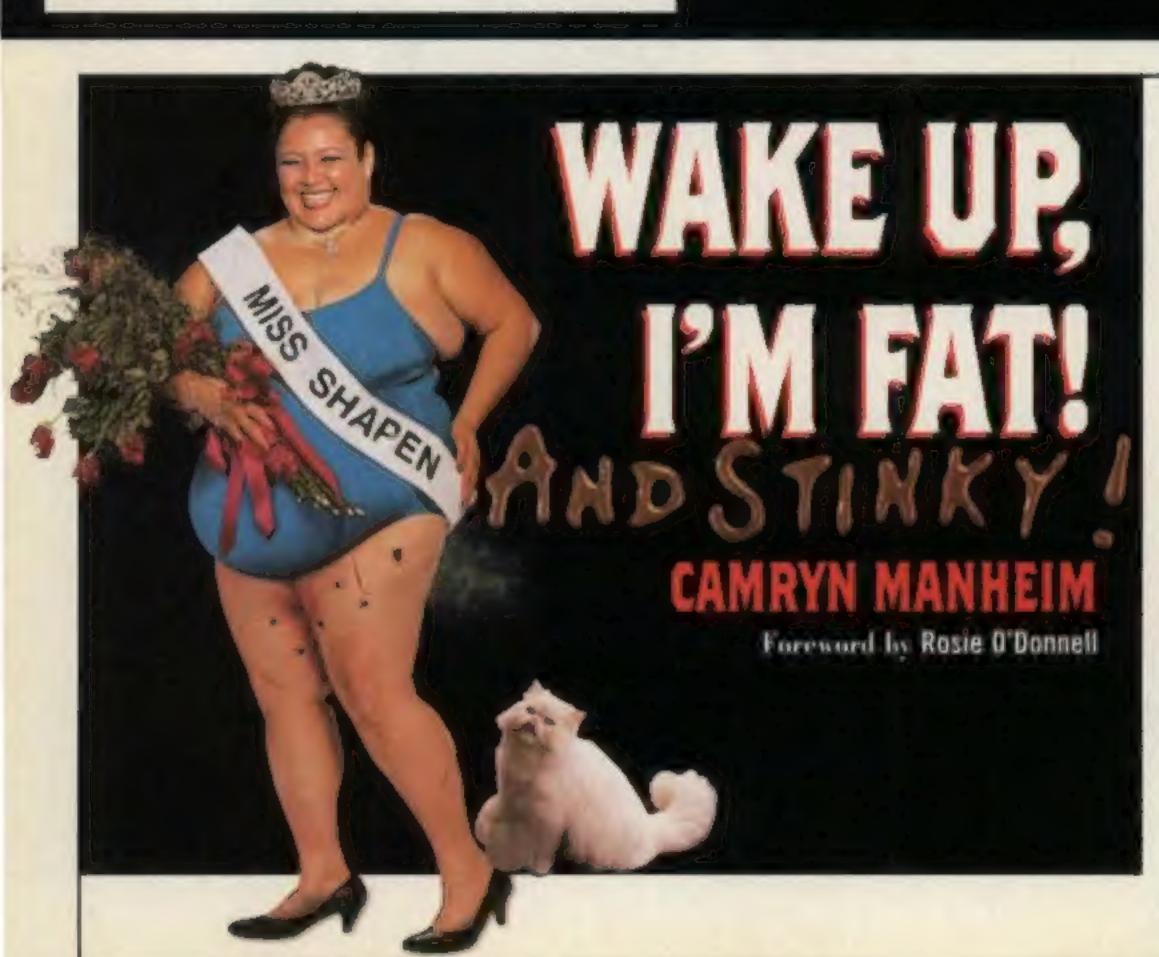
During World War II, the U. S.'s experimental queef cannon proved too unwieldy for actual combat use. The Army continued its queef-cannon tests until 1987, just to see if girls would do it.

HUSTLER blasts \$150 to Josh, of Rockville, Indiana, for this double-barreled pickup shot. Launch your war-surplus misses to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



SPLURGIN' JEZEBEL'S WARNING: Smokes Who Act White May Acquire Injurious Mortgages, Bleeding Ulcers and Minivans.

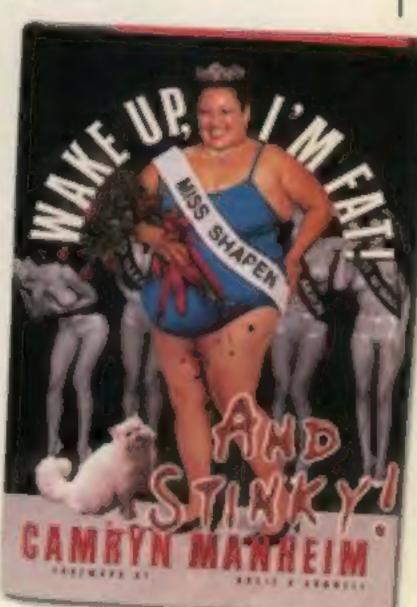
Discover the rewards of thinking white.



"A hilariously self-absorbing memoir.
[Manheim] really reeks!"

-Suet Afficionado

"The steamy
parts generate
a heat all
their own!
Thunder too!"
—Carcass Reviews

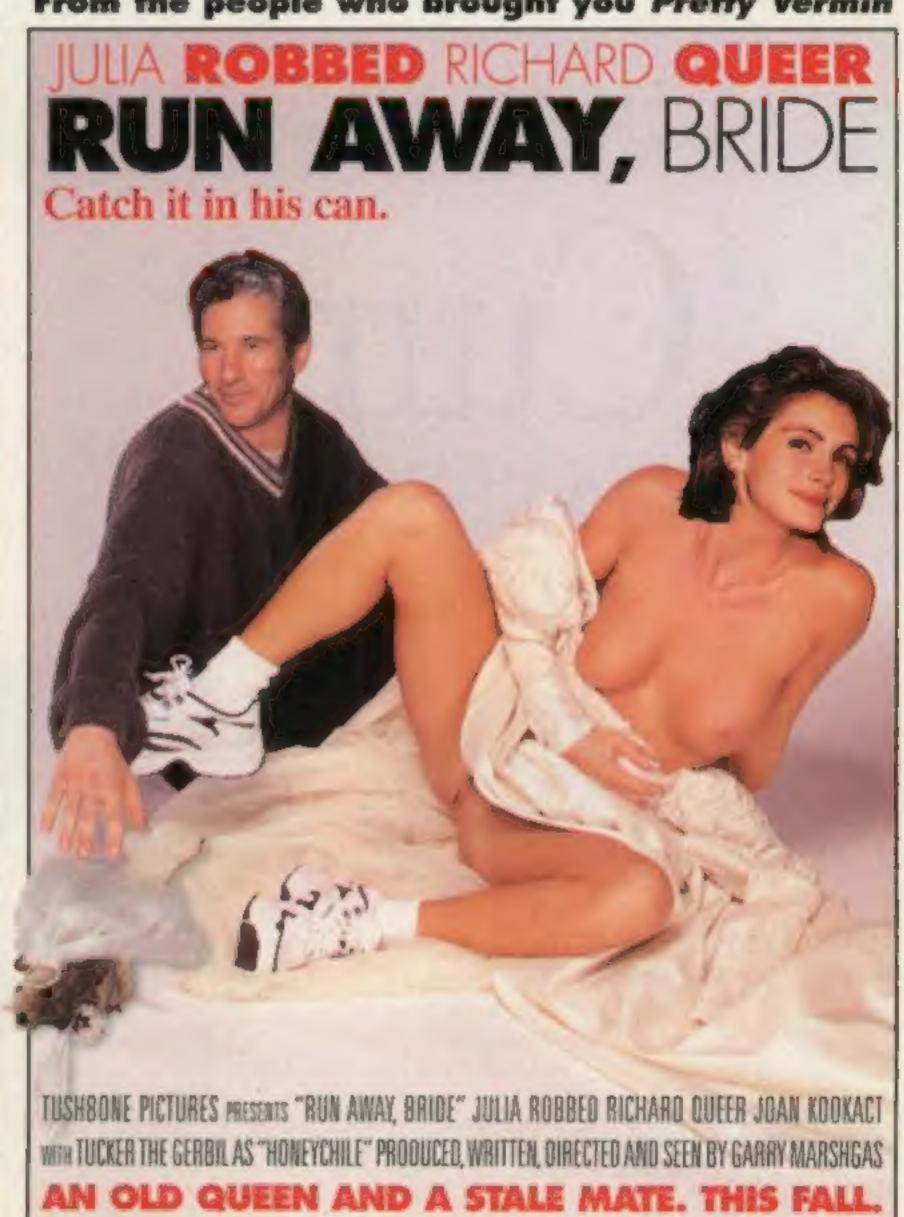


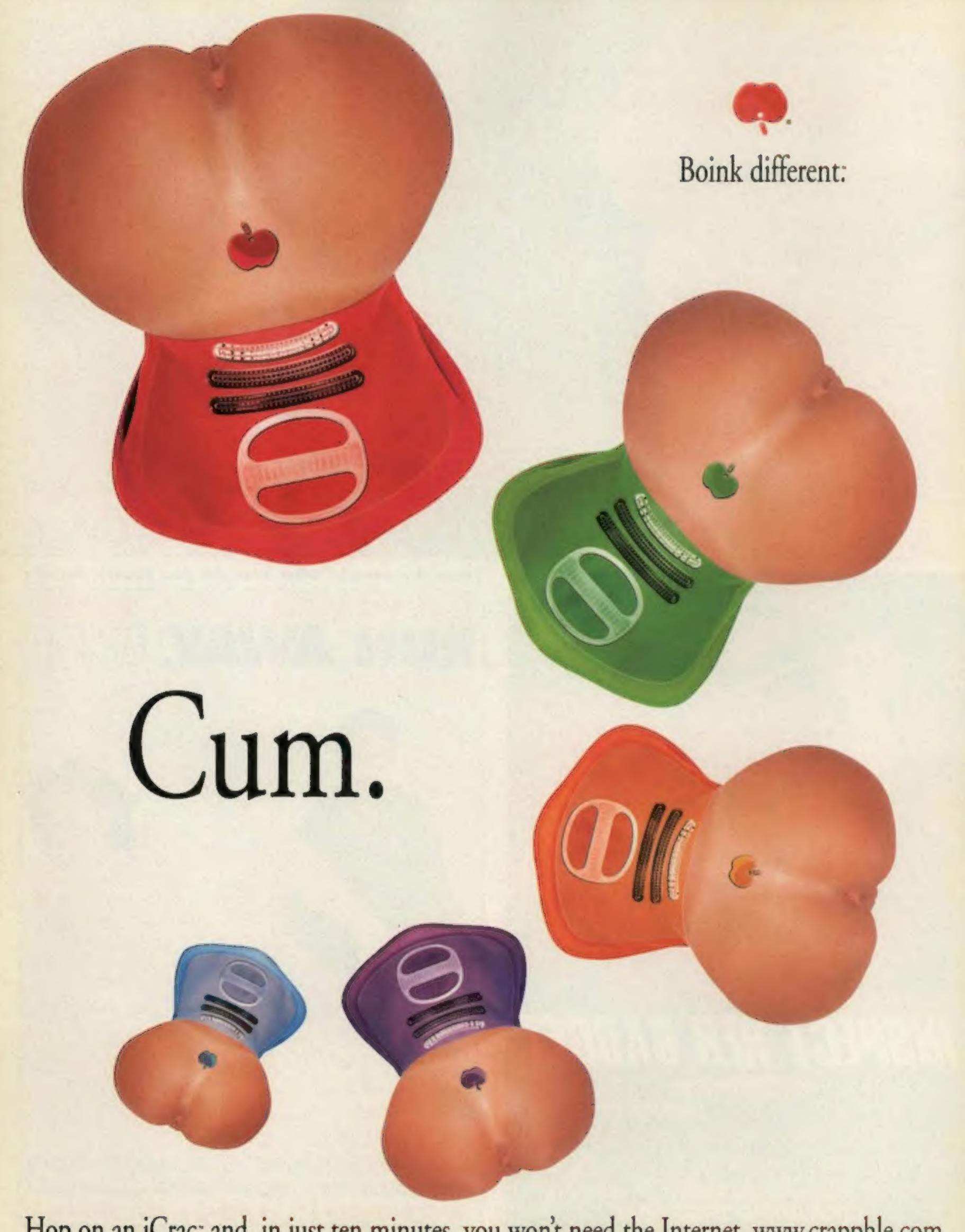
WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD IN BULK

PARODY, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, NO SUCH BOOK EXISTS, CAMRYN MANHEIM, HOWEVER IS ALL TOO REAL, AND HER HEAD IS STRIPPED ONTO OUR MODEL'S BODY.









Hop on an iCrac and, in just ten minutes, you won't need the Internet. www.crapphle.com.



via Internet

#### **Devon: Goddess of Love**

Oh, my God, I can hardly contain myself! I have been reading HUSTLER for as long as I can remember and have never written a letter, but after viewing the most beautiful redhead in the world, Devon (Beaver Hunt, August 1999), I am compelled to express my gratitude. Devon is the most beautiful babe I have ever seen. She may live far away in Kansas City, Kansas, and I live far from her here in California, but I'd do anything to meet her. I have to at least write or E-mail her. Devon is Venus-stunning in her awe-inspiring beauty. I don't want to stalk her, but I must at least make some sort of contact. Can you help me? —D. P

Hemet, California

Devon proves that there is room on Earth for more than one Venus. Unfortunately for you, HUSTLER is not a stalker placement service. Publishing the magazine is enough to keep everyone on staff busy. Besides, Devon has more than her fair share of stalkers at the moment. Should an opening arise and Devon request your presence playing guitar on her lawn, perhaps we could hook you up

#### Militant Lesbo Attacks

I have never subscribed to your tacky-ass magazine, and, frankly, with some of the racist shit you put in it, I never will. I work in an adult-video bookstore, and every tired-ass issue of HUSTLER you print and have the nerve to distribute. I see and read I find your so-called humor to be ignorant, and so do my customers. I myself am a lesbian, and your little cartoon, "Six Fags Over Texas," on page 72 of the September

CONSUMER ACERT. When ordining merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by 1 and 1 only with mail-order are habts who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads A y that their the

1999 issue, offended me. What's wrong with you backward, primitive ass-wipes? Whether you like it or not, homosexuals pay your salary. When you go out to eat, "fags" and "dykes" fix your food. A fag could have sewn the clothes you have on

Venus: Lust Takes a Holiday

your sorry-ass backs. Your popularity is going downhill, not because of the type of girls you photograph, poor picture quality, typing mistakes or the price of the magazine, but because of ignorance, stupidity and just being class-A shitheads. —C. R. Raleigh, North Carolina

You need some cock.

#### Vast Beaver Hunt Conspiracy

I'm a Marine in charge of the color guard here in Washington, D. C. I'm a big fan of the Beaver Hunt section of your magazine, but, after looking through your August 1996 issue. I discovered that one of the girls was also featured in your July 1999 issue—only with a different name and caption. What are you trying to pull here? Is this an honest mistake or a scam that HUSTLER has been running for years? Please respond immediately regarding this discrepancy.

—S. B.

Washington, D. C.

HUSTLER's Sharp-Eyed Cynic Award goes to the flag-folding Marine in Washington, D. C. Let's hope you haven't lost any sleep over the life-threatening, worldwide Beaver Hunt conspiracy. The lady might have submitted her picture twice. A new HUSTLER employee might have found her file and placed it in a stack of current candidates. Take a deep breath,







# FEEDBACK

purge your mind of such paranoid nonsense and let Old Glory wave.

#### Land of the Asshole

Sometimes I wonder if we are still living in America. People seem to forget why everyone in the world and their mother wants to come here: freedom! All sorts of folks come here from countries that have no rights. Once they settle in, all they do is bitch and complain about everyone being racists and what should or shouldn't be done about this, that or the other thing Give me a fucking break. I've had it up to my ass with that shit. If they like living in Communist countries, they should go back. We have more than enough assholes in this country as it is. Listen, people: If you don't want to read HUSTLER, don't; but don't tell me not to read it. Larry Flynt is one of a kind. We should all be kissing his ass. Men like Larry made this country what it is today. Larry, you're the best. Keep reminding everybody that America is the land of the free. -G. C. S

Hollywood, Florida

#### **Kill Ugly Racists**

I am a longtime reader of HUSTLER. I like everybody of every race, creed and color, except for the anonymous, racist asshole who wrote that the "government should kill ugly niggers" ("Racist Rips," Feedback, September 1999). How dare he call black people niggers! I'm a hit man for the Mafia, and I want to put my own contract on that fucker and whack his ass like we did Jimmy Hoffa. In every race, there are smart and dumb people. Unfortunately, there's always some ugly-ass "nigger" in every race. God don't like ugly, and racists like Racist Rips are nothing but country, corn-bread, cracker-jack, white-nigger, hillbilly rednecks that drop drunk every day. The world is coming to an end for you. You'd better change your ways before it's too late. Racist Rips has a one-way ticket to hell! -R. M. Roanoke, Virginia

Couple Salutes HUSTLER

My wife and I love HUSTLER, I have to admit that the July 1999 25th Anniversary Issue was the first we purchased, but it was so good that we plan to subscribe. I have respect for Larry's responses to many of the questions posed to him in the July Future Flynt interview (Future Flynt: The HUSTLER Vision for the Next 25 Years). My wife and I support and welcome Larry's comments on child pornography and believe them to be an appropriate answer to

that question. We also salute the magazine cover's warning statement, although we believe that it is unfortunate that, in this time of liberal behavior, people are still stuffy about the human body and the presentation of it. Your pictorials, parodies, humor and articles blow away other magazines that merely show pussies and tits. You write what most Americans think. We loved reading the Dear Slut column together, as well as Feedback. It's fun finishing off the night by checking out the ladies in your sexy pictorials, Mr. Flynt definitely presents a theme of freedom that we agree with and enjoy. It takes people like Larry to keep blowhard politicians in check. I am sick and tired of whining politicians, pundits and yahoos trying to censor legal, public-serving periodicals such as HUSTLER. Keep fighting the good fight. -D. O.

via Internet

## Church Lady Loves THE FLYNT REPORT

I bought three copies of THE FLYNT REPORT because I knew most of my friends would not be caught dead buying the publication. I had no problem having them read it—not even my minister. I appreciate the fact that you, Larry Flynt, dislike political hypocrisy as much as I do. THE FLYNT REPORT was clean and reli-

able; something that can't be said about the Starr Report. I cannot understand why no one has done anything about Tom DeLay, who seems to be running the show. I wish you owned a newspaper, Larry, and could investigate the business loans that the Bush boys squandered and never paid back. Much more needs to be done. —P. G.

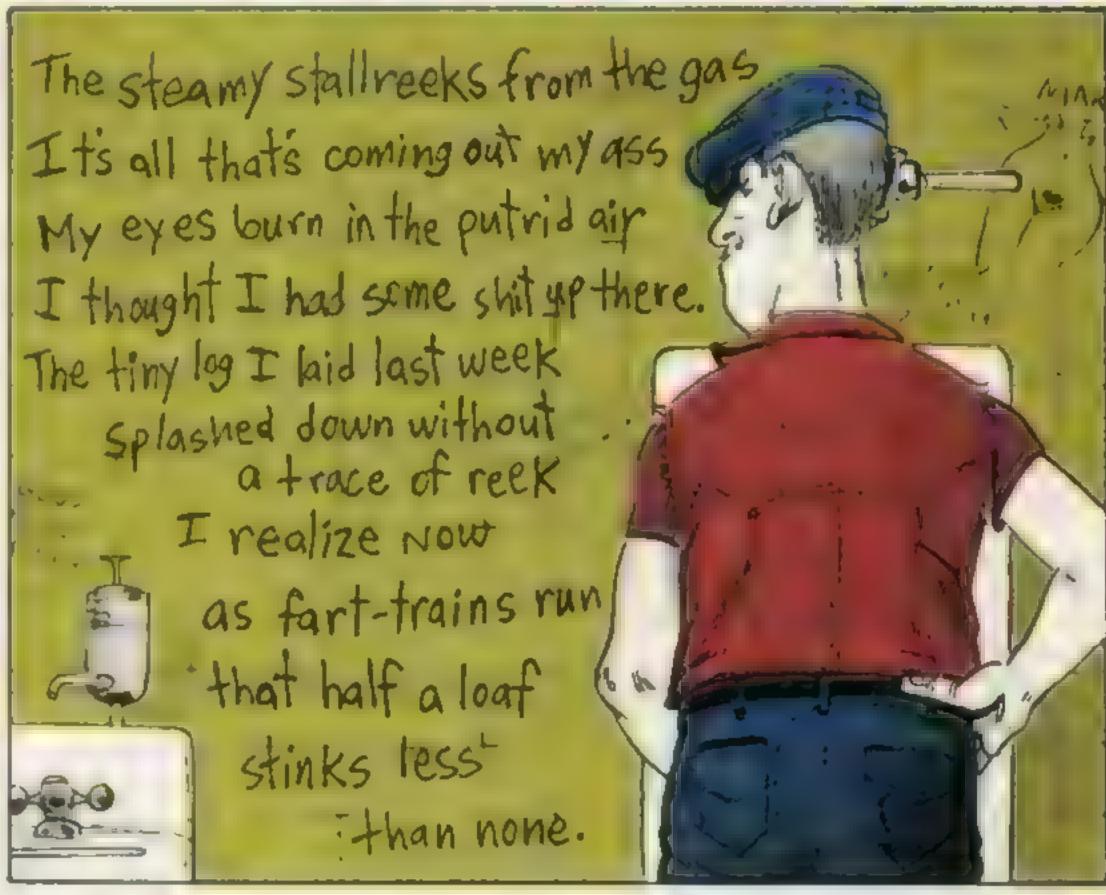
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

# Pulitzer for FLYMT REPORT?

I've never written a letter to a magazine before, but I just wanted to let you know that America's Magazine is the best of its kind anywhere. I've been a subscriber for only a year, but I've sought out as many back issues as I could find. I've also picked up a few of your sister publications: HUSTLER'S TABOO, BROWN SUGAR and HONEY BUNS. Great work! THE FLYNT REPORT was an excellent assessment that laid bare the true nature of President Clinton's would-be lynchers. I have nothing but praise for your outstanding magazine and its staff. If the establishment did not cringe at the very thought of HUSTLER's existence, THE FLYNT REPORT would win the Pulitzer Prize hands down. -M. P.

Torrance, California (continued on page 29)





THANKS AND \$50 GO TO KENNY D.



you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth.

#### RED DOGGY DICK

During a heated lovemaking session, my wife revealed that her hottest fantasy is to fuck a dog-preferably a large German shepherd. She has daydreamed about doing this since she was 15 years old. You can't believe how not I became at the thought of my wife on her hands and knees with Rin Tin Tin humping her, his long, red doggy dick pumping in and out of my wife's shaved pussy. I know there are films out there featuring dogs and women. How do we go about finding one? Also, is this a common fantasy for a woman to have? If I did manage to bring a dog into our bedroom to service my wife, just how difficult would it be to make the dog actually fuck her? -H. S. State College, Pennsylvania

Dogs just wanna hump; so guiding your pooch into your wife's hole is the least of your problems. After all, a dog is man's (and woman's) best friend. If you want to find a bestiality video, take a trip to Spain, Italy or Amsterdam. Racks and racks are dedicated to this very subject. In America, we risk jail time for merely daydreaming about it—so watch it! Complain to your congressman about this problem. (Ask for his doggy-fuck videos while you're at it.) The dogs, they dig it; they'll fuck anything. Spiritually and physically, your wife might regret the encounter. How she'll feel about having fucked Rover once she's in the emergency room with a ruptured vagina is something that requires some hard thinking. Fantasy is sometimes best left as fantasy. You might be better off simply fucking your wife's pussy like an animal and barking sweet nothings in her ear.

14

PRISONER REQUIRES STRAIGHT ANSWER

Every day, I wake up with a raging hardon. I'm a proud and happy man to be able to come to a full stand, but I'm incarcerated. The last thing I need on my mind is the thought of sexy women. After serving only three months of a five-year stint, I'm finding it increasingly hard to avoid soliciting outside help from my fellow inmates. Is a man a homosexual (gay, fag, whatever) if he only receives blowjobs or is the pitcher for a back-door catcher and never engages in anything but proactive behavior with another man? Your answer will have a far-reaching effect and may help settle long-held arguments involving many inmates—including this one—so please bestow a clear-cut answer. —S. V.

Ely, Nevada

You can consult a million psychiatrists and collect opinions from every inmate you come in contact with, but, the bottom line is, what your gut tells you is right. If you know in your heart that you're a straight man, but you need to relieve sexual tension and you have a willing partner available to you, what you decide to do is your own business and no one else's. Do what it takes to

serve your time. If it smells good, looks good and you're safe about it, do it. Just remember: Safe sex is a must! The memory of your encounter isn't the only scar you need to worry about; contracting AIDS or other sexually transmitted diseases is not something you need to add to your dilemma. No, I do not believe you can become gay from receiving a blowjob from another man. Taking or receiving does not matter. If you consider yourself a straight man, you're a straight man. Five years is a long, fucking time. Blowing off steam where pussy is not available to you is just that blowing off steam. We are all simply sexual beings who require stimulation, physically and mentally. I'm not gay, but I love pussy—and I'm married. I don't like labels. Labels hurt. I hate the terms heterosexual, gay, bisexual, lesbian and straight. I believe that if it feels good and the two people involved are both consenting adults, they should have the freedom to do whatever the hell they want. It is nobody else's (continued on page 19)

December HUSTLER

# STLER.





"Oh, that's Rex. If you don't make me come, he'll rip your face off"





# STAR FUCKERS

# DO ANY OF THESE CELEBRITIES HAVE A XXX SKELETON IN THE CLOSET?



Every now and then, some showbiz figure is rumored to have a sleazy past in the jizz biz. Grainy, anonymous porn clips supposedly depicting household names in shameful acts are often talked about but seldom seen. The question remains: Are these fornicators really famous? Apple Video lets the viewer spew his own conclusions. The adult-video company has gathered a selection of unproven insertions into a single volume of familiar-face fucking: Celebrity Sex Tapes.

HUSTLLR makes no claim that the frames on the left represent the celebrities on the right. Instead, we ask our readers:







IS THIS...

Did a hapless woodsman squeeze past Barbra's outsize schnozz in order to spit jizz down her Funny Gullet?







Her tits were bigger than her head, especially after the famous accident.

Before her death, did milker-monster Jayne bare dugs that any perv would proudly dig?



Did Rifleman Chuck take off a Marine's uniform and fuck another guy with military precision?



A curvy, vanilla cupcake strips and pretends to blow a bottle of Coke. Is this the ass of an American legend?



Party at Kitty and Stud's starred Sylvester Stallone, who has since owned up to the film.

He had to: Crafty Sly used his own name in the credits.







## Dear Slut The human brain is certainly God's most complicated invention. A man does not simply wake up one morning and say to himself, "I think I'll become a lady."

business except that of the other person you're doing it with, period. End of discussion. Have a great time.

#### SEX-CHANGE QUERY

I never saw or even heard about males and females exchanging body parts until I saw HUSTLER. Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999) is a creepy freak! Why would a man have surgery to become a woman, and why would a woman ever want to become a man?

> —J. K. Baltimore, Maryland

These are among the great mysteries of the maker above. The human brain is certainly God's most complicated invention. A man does not simply wake up one morning and say to himself, "I think I'll become a lady." Certainly, nobody chooses to change one's sex on a whim. These issues begin very early in life and are beyond most people's comprehension. Ours is not to question why. If pre-operative transvestites like Gia don't give you wood, turn the page. Be grateful for who you are and be glad that the wiring in your head follows a commonly accepted path. If you're a dude who digs pussy, eat some. If you're a dude and you want a pussy, seek psychiatric help first to make sure you're ready for this lifelong commitment, then plant one between your legs. Life's too short to live unfulfilled. The bottom line is, we must accept one another's differences whether we exchange phone numbers or not. You can't change me; I can't change you; but Gia can change herself if she wants to.

#### HIGH HEELS AND CLOSE-UPS

I was wondering if you could provide insight into two porn staples: ladies' shoes and male facial close-ups. In the vast majority of sex scenes, the female stars are often stripped down to all but their heels, which they wear during the entire scene. What accounts for this widespread practice? Is the foot-fetish lobby incredibly strong in porn? Also, why do so many porn directors insist on shooting long, lingering close-ups of the guy's facial contortions while he's doing his duty? This can be very distracting from the real intent of our viewing, as well as downright unpleasant. I'd rather see your beautiful face and wiggling toes any day. -R. M.

Highland, New York

There are several reasons for both of these practices. As for wearing high heels in bed, one answer is simple: dirty feet. We girls walk around the set all day long. Most people would rather see high heels than dirty toes. It also makes the female star feel as though she still has some kind of wardrobe on and is, therefore, less vulnerable. I try to invest in half-cut bras, because I believe that a little bit of clothing is sexier than none at all. A man is used to seeing his wife naked, but having her wear high heels in bed is considered kinky. It is a porn starlet's duty to fulfill this fantasy. Regarding the lingering close-ups of the gentlemen, one reason is the need for extra footage in soft-core cable-TV versions. Hard-core penetration shots are replaced with lingering closeups of the men's reactions. These closeups are part of the tease. If you can't stand looking at the guys' faces, fast forward to the good stuff. That's why the remote control was invented.

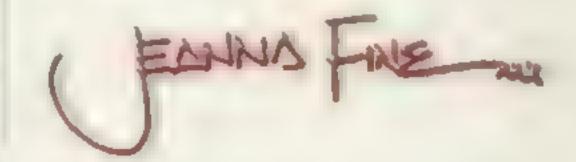
#### THE BIGGEST SCHLONG

I've seen some of your films, and I really admire your work. Upon seeing you in action, it becomes instantly clear why you are a legend: You're beautiful, smart,

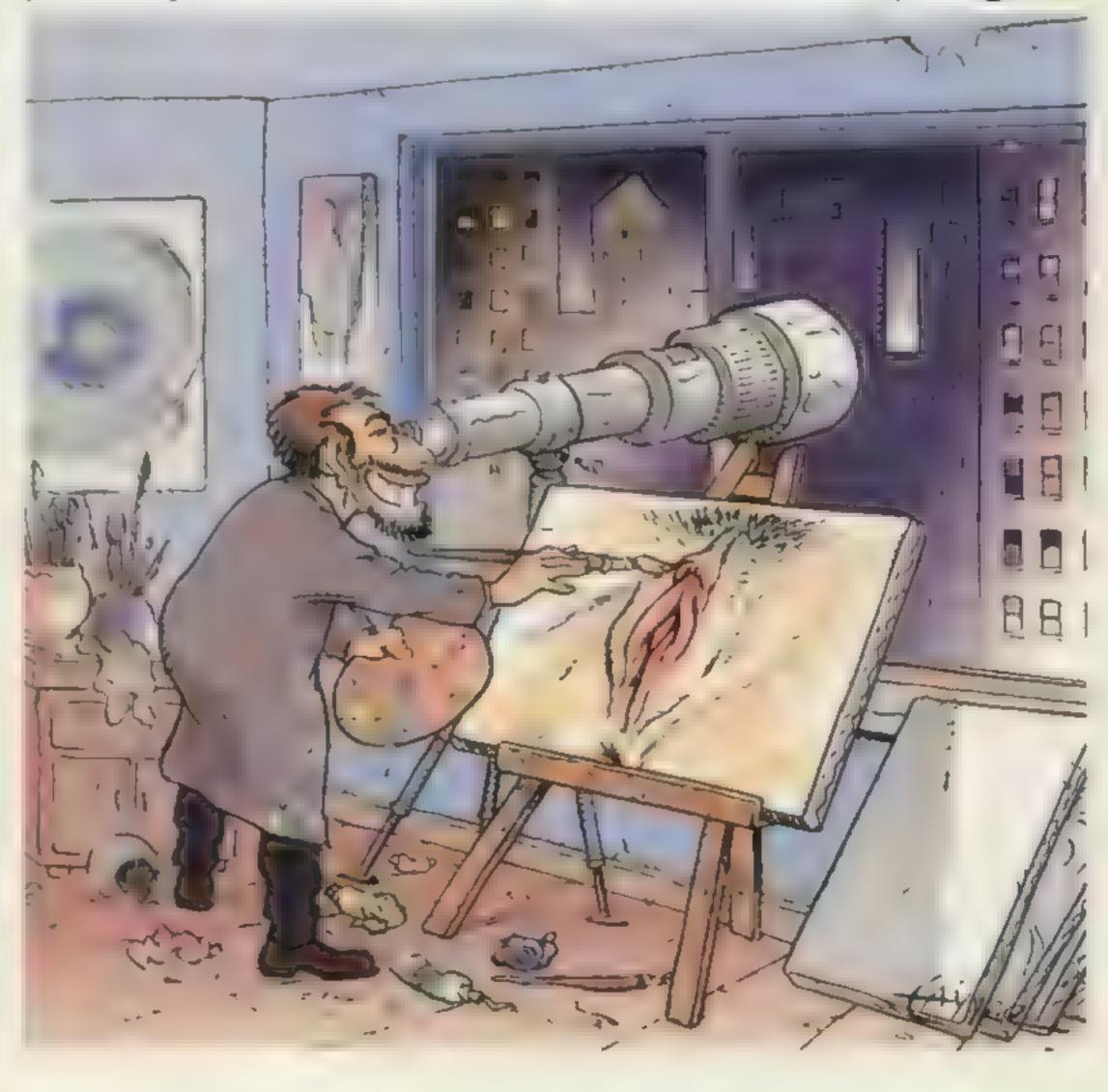
sexy, and your capacity for deep-throat is miraculous. On or offscreen, who has the biggest schlong you've ever had? Will there be a new John Holmes for the new millennium? -R.D.

Fort Hood, Texas

Offscreen, my husband has the biggest, fattest Jewish dick I have ever seen, held or swallowed. In the business to date, Mark Davis unmediately springs to mind. Rocco Sifreddi and Sean Michaels also fill my tank to capacity. My favorite of all time, the porn stud who I love more than anyone in the world, is Ron Jeremy. He's The Man. I'd deep-throat him any day, I must say that I am, as yet, undefeated by anyone onscreen. I am not a snake-1 can't disengage my jaw-but if my mouth can go around it, it's going down.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut(a lfp.com.





































888 QCOAT ME MANA AND MANA AND MANA AND

# FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

#### Sexy Fat Lady

As a regular HUSTLER subscriber, I've noticed a lot of thin, nicely built women, but heavy-set women are pretty too. Why not show a heavy-set woman? Large women love to have hard meat too—I should know because I am one of them. Is there any way you could show a sexy, overweight woman fucking a hard-dicked stud? — S. O.

Spokane, Washington

Quite honestly, there hasn't been an overwhelming demand for extra-large pictorials. However, HUSTLER did feature an XL beauty named Lulu, back in August 1982. Maybe you should send in some photos of yourself enjoying a heaping helping of man meat—unless you're afraid that America may not be ready for yo much beauty trapped in one place.

#### Horse Fucker Needs Help

Perhaps you could help me. I've been trying to find a videotape of myself having anal sex with a horse. A guy videotaped me in June 1978 and took off to Australia with the origmal recording. I haven't seen hide nor hair of him (or the horse) ever since. I've sent as much as \$47 to purchase bestiality videos with the hope that I will be featured in one of them, but so far, no luck. I've even sent signature cards stating that I'm of legal age to view such materials, and, still, I haven't received what I deserve. I have arthritis now. and I can't relive my past experience—that was the only time with any animal for me. I sure enjoyed it. What should I do? - W. A. Denver, Colorado

Sorry, Pokey, but you're on your own.

#### **BARELY LEGAL Video**

LEGAL. The women in this magazine are fantastic and truly beautiful. Do you sell any videos of the women who appear in BARELY LEGAL? If you don't, it would be a very good idea if you did. The financial rewards would not only help you and your models, but would also provide a tremendous service for your customers. I also think you should add a feature where the girls describe their first sexual experience. Nothing is more interesting than how a girl gave up her virginity. —G. R. Federal Way, Washington

My First Time is a feature in every month of BARELY LEGAL. You must be too mesmerized by the girlies to notice the words. As for BARELY LEGAL videos, HUSTLER

is one step ahead of you. The first video of the new series is currently in production.

#### **Fuck Political Shit**

HUSTLER has sold out with all this political bullshit y'all have been putting in your magazine. I thought I opened up a fucking Playboy this month. Don't blame Charlton Heston for what some sick gothic fucks did in Littleton, Colorado. Blame the bastards who pulled the trigger. Fuck all those whitechicks-fucking-black-guys pictorials also. Try showing a big white dick screwing one fine-ass black chick. Black chicks are fucking fine, and a hell of a lot sexier than your stupid political shit.

—B. M.

Crosby, Texas

Your right to jerk off has been paid for—
in blood—by more dian 200 years of
American war heroes. Think about that
while you fantasize about your beautiful,
big, black booty. Have you discovered
HUSTLER'S BROWN SUGAR yet? It
sounds like you'll understand the politics
of BROWN SUGAR

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler(a lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.











COLD ASSICE

It may be cold outside, but nothing compares to the arctic freeze within my girlfriend's cunt. Gail and I have been seeing each other for eight months; believe me, the excitement died after the first week of fucking. Unfortunately, I'm reluctant to let go of the dead fish because my friends are so impressed by her amazing body and supermodel looks. If they only knew she's a veritable corpse between the sheets. Actually, a corpse would be kind of kinky and exciting. Gail is freaked out by anything other than the missionary position.

Who would ever guess that the key to thawing out Gail's vage was a simple ice cube? I stumbled upon the frosty solution after trudging home from work through a foot of snow. The cold was so piercing, my balls went numb. If Gail hadn't wrecked my car on a patch of ice the week before, I wouldn't be pissing popsicles. I walked through the door of my apartment to find Gail relaxing with the heat on, driving up my electricity bill. She was sipping a Long Island iced tea. Her smug, nonfrostbitten grin made my blood boil—the warmest sensation I had experienced in over an hour.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" I exploded. "Look at you...so hot you had to cool down with a nice drink! I know what would really help you chill out." At first, Gail just laughed at my approach; she was three sheets to the wind and didn't notice my seriousness. Then I yanked her to her feet and tore down her shorts.

Gail slurred, "Give me ished tea, you ash-hole...unnngh...." I slid the cube past her labes; she shivered, and her eyes glowed with a sudden alertness behind the boozy haze. Like a hungry slut, Gail clenched her thighs, trapping the cold goodness within.

"How about another?" I cheerily offered. My left hand reached behind to part her tight buns while my right hand inserted another frozen treat. Gail's holes accepted the subzero deliveries effortlessly. While I prodded the ice cube in and out of her browneye, Gail fumbled to unzip my pants.

I watched her clenching butt cheeks as she dove to suck my gradually growing

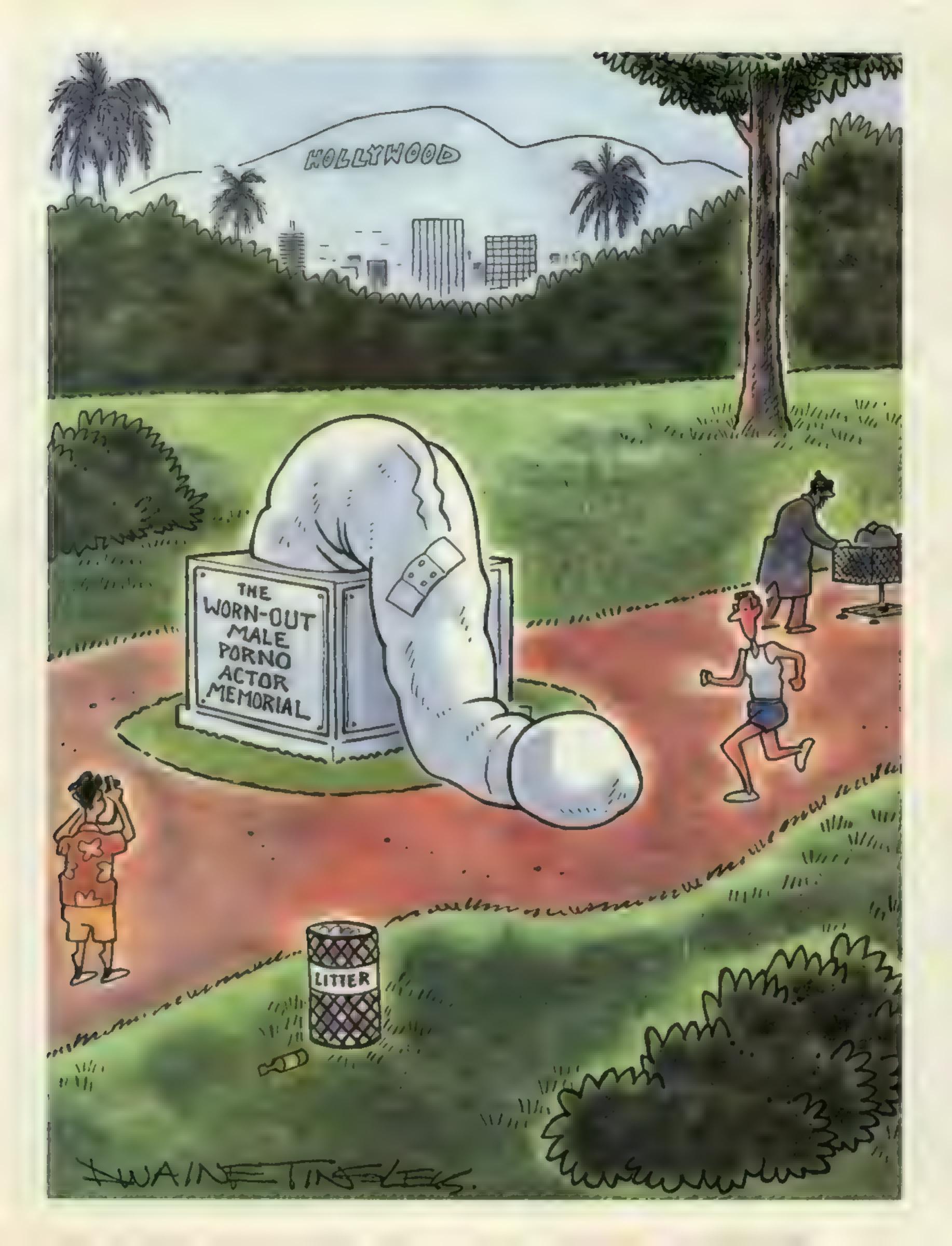
manhood. My girlfriend wanted to keep the cool sensation inside her for as long as possible! Afterward, if the mood struck me, I might order her to release her water-filled orifices into her glass. I could beat off while watching her drink the melted mess. Meanwhile, I enjoyed her enthusiastic, saliva-dripping hummer immensely. The inside of Gail's throat was piping hot and pleasing.

"Fuck me," she pleaded. "Stick your hot cock in my frozen slit." My dong was indeed heated enough—and hard enough-for ravaging her slice, which was literally steaming. I laid Gail on her back and lifted her ankles in the air. For good measure, she stuffed another ice cube inside her gash before I planted my length.

I drove deep, reveling in the weird mix of overheated cunny and icy tingles. Each quick thrust made Gail's inner temperature rise. She went ahead and stuffed another cube in her ass.

(continued on page 41)







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Limited Edition

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# Nymph Fever

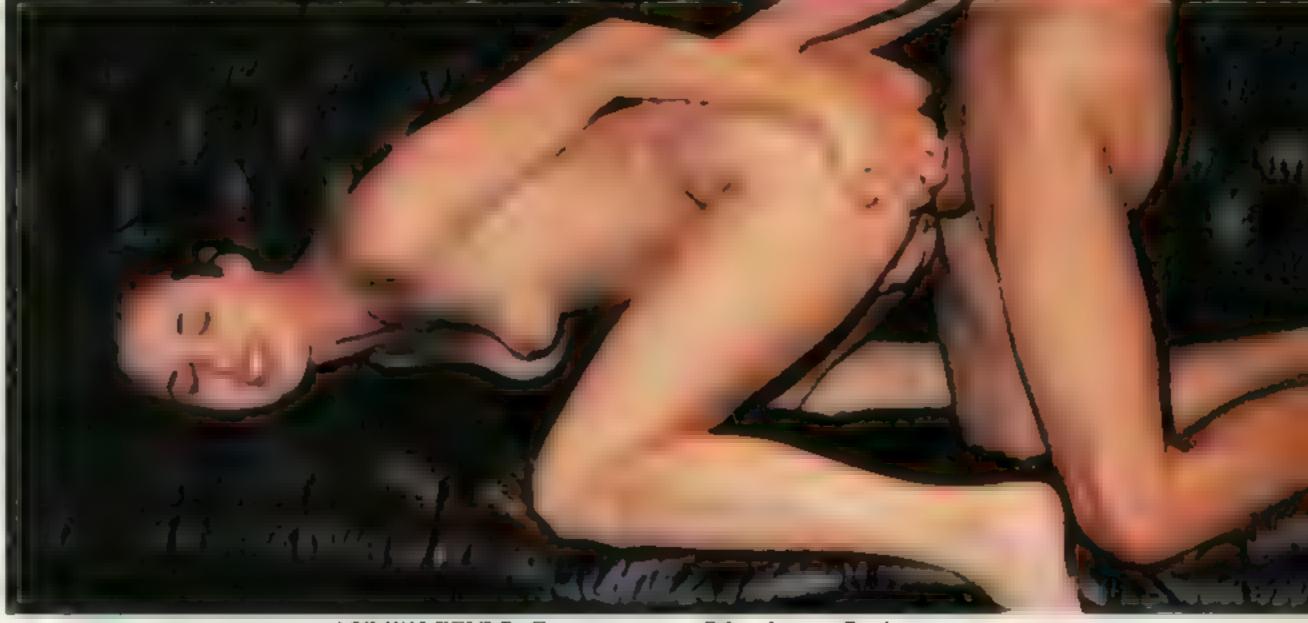


THREE-QUARTERS ERFCT



Directed by Jerome Tanner
starring Charmane Star, Cheyenne Silver
Jewel Valmont, Barett Moore, Dolly Golden
Ian Daniels, J. J. Michaels, Nick East,
Lexington Steele and Randy West
Videocassette: Legend

Nymph Fever exposes the sexual tsunami of GI dicks and the Tokyo roses who love them. Charmane Star is a hot, Asian nymph who's cuckoo for Caucasian cock. She quenches her thirst for white-boy tadpole by donning fatigues and sneaking onto an Army base, where she rears up for a rendezvous with Ian Daniels and stocky chimp boy J. J. Michaels. The soldiers wage war on the tight, Oriental nymph in the Army barracks. Star squats over Daniels while his simian sidekick clutches her taut, yellow waist, lifts her body and slams it down on Daniels's fleshy bayonet. The two Gls fire dual loads on Star's perfect mams-direct hit on tit valley. The afterglow of the sexual battlefield is snuffed out when Sergeant Nick East barks his disapproval. "It's not our fault; we're infected with nymph fever," Michaels pleads, "It's true," Star admits, "I'm a carrier." Star squirms out of trouble and into the beds of the top military brass. where power-hungry pricks succumb to pure physical pleasure. Nymph Fever is worth catching. -Dan Panorama



NYMPH FEVER: East penetrates Silver's rear flanks.



NYMPH FEVER: Michaels and Daniels drill Star



NYMPH FEVER: Valmont rides

Steele's scrotum pole.

December HUSTLER 33



Time was, a porn girls career was marked by Machiaveil an exploitation at the hands of male producers and directors. Today's savvy screen whores are taking great leaps forward, exploiting themselves and each other

turned-cottage-industry Shane, a growing number of female adult-film performers are making the transit on from hired cunt to self-empowered businesswoman Hoping for both a bigger slice of the financial pie and increased autonomy over their careers, they're forming their own production companies and issuing their own product

After seven years, you get bored. I needed a new chamenge," notes veteran cock socket Tina Tyler, who started 13 Productions last fall and has released three installments of her *Tina Tyler's Favorites* line. In addition to staving off boredom Tyler hopes that heading her own company will extend her jizz-biz career beyond her performing prime. "I'm not getting any younger," concedes Tyler, 34. "I'd dn't want to be scrambling at whatever age I deem too old for [performing!"

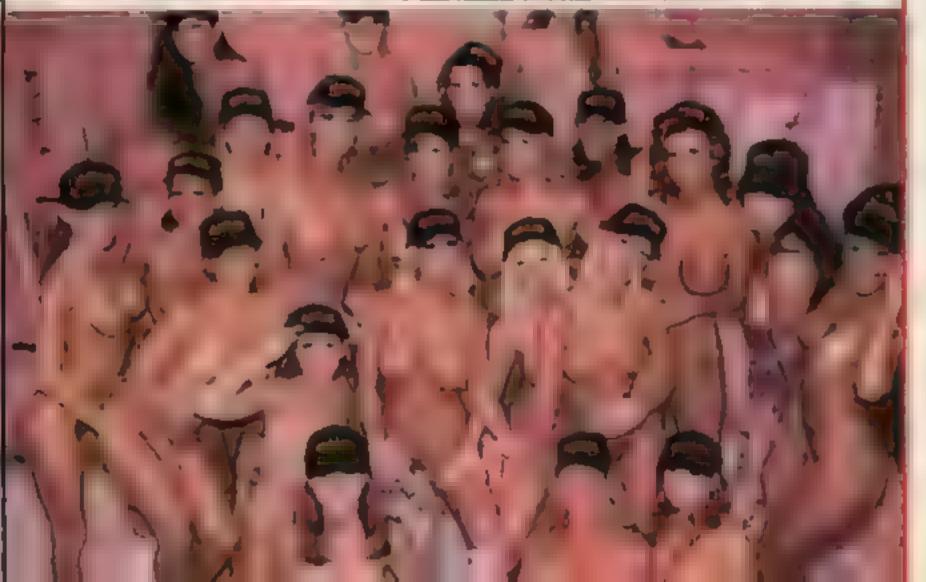
Concerns about longevity were also motivation for Jill Keily when she launched Jill Entertainment last

Actrs Orean we yor consample to the Perfect Pink line Like Tyler Kers highs to elevate the quality of highest orevare the quality of highest orevary smut with her product. "There's so much rounch out there it also product to here it also product to here.

Other resent et a 1 to a force neurial ring include Brittany Andrews and Chipe Andrews founded Briton Pictures in June 1999 as a comb nation postproduction facility and studio space complete with an S&M dungeon Besides renting her facility to other companies (interested parties car ontain her at ravechick(scaol.com). Andrewnow releases her My Private Desires series under the Britco banner Chines sed-helmed efforts include the VUA Xplicit-distributed Chiloe's What Make You Cum?, in which the budding auteur penetrates herself with, among other things, a stool leg. "It's nice to have a product that you can say came from your own mind," enthuses the furniture humping director

Even so, life as a seif-employed filth monger can be trying "I work 110 hours a week," gripes Andrews. "There's not much time to get laid."

Andrews fists Chioe at Britco's grand opening (top), the well-dressed cast of Perfect Pink 4: Wired Pink (below)



## Nurses



HALF



Orrected by Paul Thomas, stampg Kira Kener, India, Obsession, Keli D Aire Reagan Starr, Stryc-9, Barett Moore, Bobby Vitaie Michael J. Cook, Tice Bune, Julian and Spencer Videocassette- Vivid

In Nurses, Bobby Vitale portrays a sexual deviant with a compulsive attraction to the white-clad angels of mercy who inhabit our nation's hospitals. He hires Nubian sexpots India and Obsession to don white nurses' uniforms and takes their temperatures orally, vaginally and rectally with his veiny thermometer. Empathizing with the tortured antihero, the viewer flogs his own meat mallet as Vitale plows through the gaggle of eye-pleasing cooze. When Vitale impersonates a doctor to pursue his fetish, he lands in hot water. So does the movie Vitale undergoes an experimental sex-aversion therapy. Eyes taped open, he's forced to watch people fucking while gruesome accident footage plays on a video screen. This posthumous homage to Stanley Kubrick's A Clockwork Orange is touching, but hardly arousing. The ensuing carnal liaison's wood-inducing potential is derailed as the camera periodically cuts to the strapped-down Vitale coughing up chunks of vomit. The patient is eventually cured, but the viewer is ultimately sickened in the process. Nurses is nauscous

-Shane Andalou

# The Brides of Countess Recula



ONE QUARTER TRECT



Directed by Rob and W. B. Schaffner starring Chanté, Bridgette Powerz, Donita Force, Ariel, Jennifer Leigh, Sue Johnson Bruno, Frankenchrist, Janos Skorzeny, Pie Dog Savage, Nick Dagger and Thrill Kill Videocassette: Mondo Family Films

While many stroke flicks terrify their viewers, few actually intend to do so. The Brides of Countess Recula, which combines C-movie horror schlock with hard-core sex, is an exception. The proceedings unfold as Countess Recula, a 2,000-year-old mummy, is brought back to life. Chanté, who portrays the Countess, definitely instills

fear; she sports gruesome scars under her surgically mangled milk bags, and her brown, withered cunt flaps do indeed look as though they've been sealed in a musty sarcophagus for a couple of millennia. The exhumed vampiress spits a trio of fertilized eggs from her ass hatch, ushering forth a barrage of aberrance that includes autofellatio, a cocksucking midget and a blood-orgy finale. It's definitely not the standard XXX fare, but is it crotic? Sure-if one enjoys ultralimber geeks spilling jizz on their own chins and plasma-covered dwarfs pounding choad into their freakishly small mouths. Camp aficionados may appreciate this effort, but serious onanists are advised to leave these Brides at · S. A the altar

# Legend 7: Behind the Scenes



HALI ERFCI



Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Cheyenne Silver, Meiody Love, Silvia Stena, Inari Vachs, Maya Divine, Betti, Brick Majors, Michael J. Coxx, Jack Hammer Nick East and Brandon Iron Videocassette: Legend

Legend 7: Behind the Scenes chronicles the rise of a wide-eyed young hopeful from lowly makeup artist to celebrated cum Dumpster. This being porn, the plot naturally contains holes big enough to fly a plane through, and the acting makes an industrial-safety film seem Oscar-worthy. Luckily, the sexual acrobatics that punctuate the swisscheese story line salvage Legend 7. Golden-skinned trollop Honey Love plays the blue-screen aspirant, bringing an appropriately cockhungry edge to several calisthenically impressive scenes. Legend 7's supporting sluts are likewise engaging. Lithe, baby-faced Cheyenne Silver, whose seeming indifference to cock has proven frustrating in past efforts, comes alive here under the multipositional, turgid tutelage of Jack Hammer. Sword swallower extraordinaire Inari Vachs puts on her usual sputum-heavy cocksucking clinic before pogoing on Michael J. Coxx's flesh hammer. Legend 7's dramatic ineptitude is laughable, but its fleshy exploits leave the tight-gripped critic gushing between the guffaws. -S.A.



NURSES: Head morse Kener treats Coxx and Bune



S OF COUNTESS RECULA Wee shit Powerz enjoys rare roast beef

# Still Insatiable



ONE-QUARTER TRECT



Directed by Veronica Hart starring Marilyn Chambers Juli Ashton Kylie Ireland Stacy Valentine Nikota Vicca Chloe, Julian, Tice Bunn Steve Hatcher and Jack Garfield Videocassette: VCA

It's never pretty when perform ers continue past their prime, tarnishing their reputations Witness the post-Some Girls Rolling Stones, or Orson Welles in his final role as a hooch pitch man. Add to the list Marilyn Chambers, a pushing-50 holdover from the Mitchell Brothers era, whose wizened, bovine presence plagues Still Insatiable like a furd in a punch bowl. Blond crone Chambers portrays a senator bent on eradicating pornography Sadly, her adventures in geriatric carnality do more damage to the pizz biz than any right-wing politician ever could. Strategically placed lingerie fails to mask Chambers's substantial paunch as Julian hovers over her broad expanse of ass and plugs her hoary gash. Almost sadistically, the camera tightens in on Chambers's pinched expression of cestacy, emphasizing the bloodhoundish cast of her gravity stricken mug. A blow against porn ageism of a XXX version of The Golden Girls? Either way, it's a damn ugiv sight. Marilyn Chambers may be Still Insatiable, but everyone else will be beign g for relief long before the closing credits roll. -S.A

# **Action Sports** Sex 4







Directed by Robby D. starring Bobbie Bliss, Cortknee, Alexa Rae, Charlie, Cherry, Vivian Valentine Tiki, Bobby V tale, Dave Hardman, Pat Myne, Wesley Pipes, Tice Bune, Dante Joef Boxes, Ali, and Jimmy Thunders Videoc issette: Vivid Raw

Rife with Gen-X attitude, Action Sports Sex 4 combines the edginess of extreme sports with the tried-and-true allure of onscreen fucking. Of course, in this age of bungee-jumping sodacommercials, "extreme" sports bear all the edge of warm tapioca, but this skittishly lensed offering is a strokeworthy effort nonethe less, Bobbie Bliss launches the games with a blue-ribbon performance. Bliss, who possesses a vogilike ability to suppress her gag reflex, furiously slams a trio of sizable dongs to the back of her throat 4SS 4's highlight. however, is a video-closing fourway featuring crop-topped blonde Cortknee. The flaxen-tressed scumbucket takes a pair of crotch rockets in her flue and a third in her crap hatch simultaneously. This grand achievement in team effort requires several false starts and repositionings, but the sight of Cortknee's nether holes being stretched to the limits of endurance is more poignant than an Olympic torch-lighting ceremony. Long live sport indeed. Action Sports Sex 4 scores big. -S.A



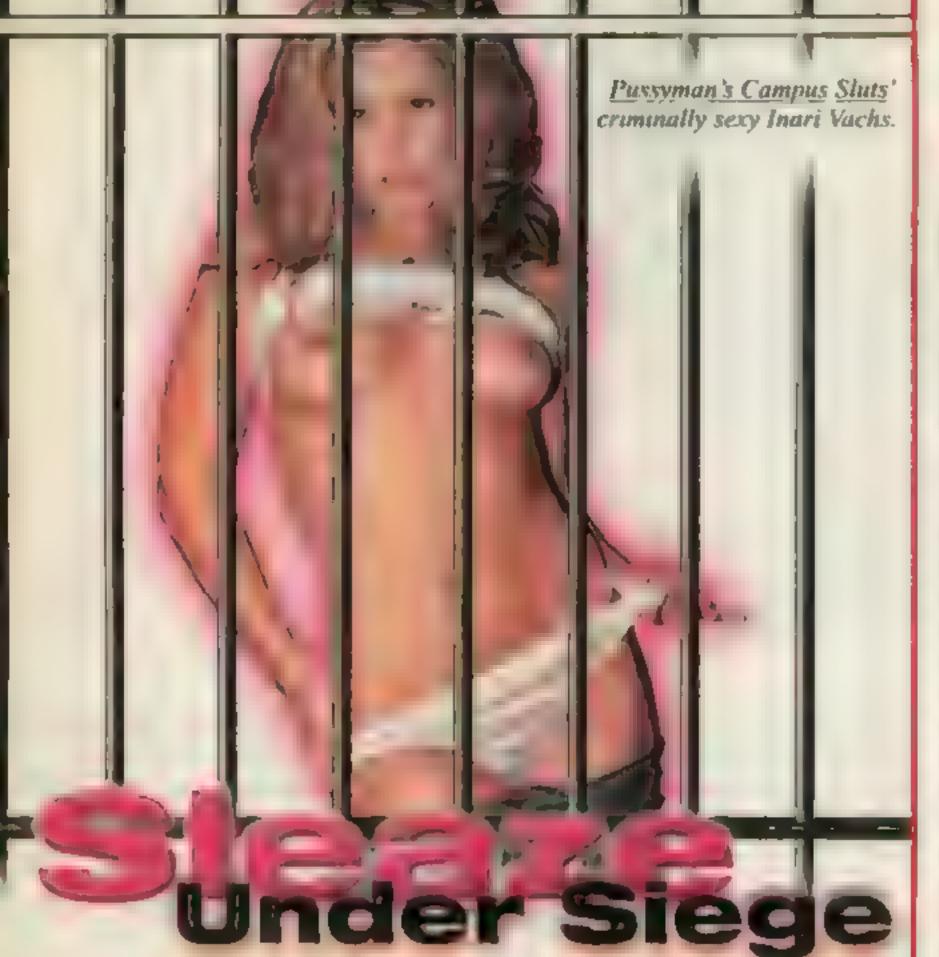
11 GFND 7: Love provides gash on the barrelhead



STILL INSATIABLE: Valentine quenches thirst for cooze



ACTION SPORTS SEX 4: Cortknee prepares for a triple-header



### Police Crack Down on Porn Sets

May 28, 1999, was a particularly Kafkaesque day for David Christopher, the pornographer popularly known as Pussyman. Settled into the Toluca Lake, California, residence that was serving as his location for the day, Christopher was preparing to begin a typical session of tilming people fucking. At 12 30 p.m., a representative of the Holtywood Film Board, which issued the permit for the shoot, appeared at the door and warned that there had been complaints about "sexual noise" emanating from the house.

This was odd, thought Christopher, as filming hadn't begun yet. "I say, "Well, the biggest noise you're hearing right now is how I'm talking to you—we haven't started anything," Christopher recails Sufficiently appeased, the Film Board representative went on his way, and Christopher commenced lensing his smut.

It was even stranger when, at approximately 8 p.m. that evening, a crew of uniformed and undercover police descended on the house. Noises are being heard, they claimed; fucking is being seen. This, despite the fact that the shoot had wrapped an hour and a half beforehand. After revoking Christopher's permit, the cops issued Pussyman a ticket for filming without one. Moreover, they confiscated the day's footage, which, at press time, had yet to be returned.

"The whole thing is a larce," says Christopher, who maintains that a 12loot fence surrounding the house would've made outside visibility of the shoot nearly impossible

Jeffrey Douglas, Christopher's attorney in the matter, claims that the LAPD overstepped its authority and characterizes the seizure of Christopher's footage as "ulterly lawless."

Douglas maintains that permit violations, even if one did occur in this instance, are administrative matters traditionally dealt with by the Film Board, not the LAPD. In addition, he says, confiscating the only existing copy of the tape constitutes prior restraint on First Amendment-protected material, a Constitutional no-no

"Various individuals at the LAPD have such deep-seated hostility loward the adult industry that they think they have the right to peremptorily punish by seizing the movie," says Douglas, who sits on the Free Speech Coalition's board of directors and has represented pornographers in several such cases "On many occasions, they were explicit about it. "We're punishing you for filming porn; we don't like it."

The May incident follows a string of Gestapo-style crackdowns by the LAPD Within the past couple of years, at least four such occurrences have taken place all of which involved the seizure of cameras as well as tape. "We had a long period of politeness, and they're back at it again," says Douglas. "If they keep doing this, sooner or later, they're going to get their knuckles rapped."

how long the world may be deprived of Pussyman's efforts that day, which are slated for eventual release by Big Top Video under the tentative title Busty Pom Pom Girls. Notes Douglas, "Everyone's patience has now expired."

# Down in the Bush Number 2



HALF ERLCT



Directed by Zak Wylde, starring Melanie Stone, Tabitha Stevens, Johnni Black, Natasha Blake, Bobbie Biiss, Vivi Anne, Xena Fox, Alex Sanders, Pat Myne, Mark Davis, Chris Cannon and J. J. Michaels Videocassette: Elegant Angel

Tabitha Stevens is bored in the bath in Down in the Bush Number 2. She plays with her Barbie and Ken dolls, making them fuck in the tub. Hungering for a more satisfying fantasy, Stevens introduces living dolls Natasha Blake and Bobbie Bliss. The stench of ripe cunt attracts leathery, blond stud Pat Myne, and an explosive threesome ensues. Myne slides his beef in and out of Bliss's split, but Natasha feels left out; so she yanks Myne's meat out of Bliss's honeypot and feasts on it, gliding her triple-pierced tongue along its length. In a touching display of slut solidarity, Blake plants Myne's spit-slicked schwanz back inside Bliss's love cave. After a few monstrous thrusts, Myne launches his seed into Blake's greedy yap. Stevens returns, with her dolls frantically humping plastic uglies, to introduce many more human couplings. Sadly, the one featuring herself is polluted by the presence of Brillo-headed porn goon Alex Sanders. Despite a couple of horrifying blemishes, Down in the Bush Number 2 is a wet, nasty delight. -D.P.

# On the Street



Directed by Toni English, starring Devon, Chioe, Jeanna Fine, Jewel Vaimont, Candy Vegas, Azlea Antistia, Inari Vachs, Bobby Vitale, Jack Hammer, Devin Wolf, Anthony Crane, George Kaplan, Clark Irvin, Randy Spears, Tony Tedeschi and Ian Daniels

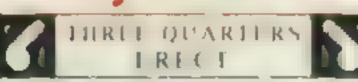
Videocassette- Vivid Film

Thirty-year-old Hollywood street kids tangle with middle-aged white gangsters in On the Street. Hustlers, whores and assholes join forces to entertain, abuse and

titillate. This big-budget (by porn standards) tale of tricks and traps offers grade-A gash, in your face and ready for action. Waifishly thin, leggy blonde Devon needs a place to stay. She ends up squatting with a pack of runaways, serving squack to the mottled assemblage in exchange for room and board. A street hustle lands Devonin a limo, intertwined with Jeanna Fine and her drug-dealing ol' man, Tony Tedeschi. When Devon returns to the squalid love shack, she discovers that she grabbed the wrong bag, Instead of her purse, she swiped a fortune in gangster cash. Hell breaks loose as everyone involved makes love and war at the same time. Will the runaway gang transform from rags to riches, or rags to bloody ashes? Go down with Devon and her crew and find out in On the Street

-D, P

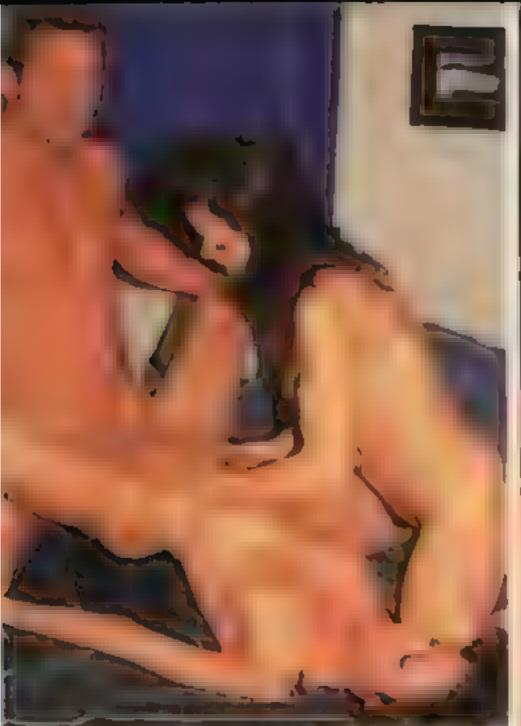
# Nasty Girls #19



Directed by Buffy Malibu: starring Chandler, Jade Marcela, Layla Jade, Eve, Vivian Valentine, Bev, Lola, Salacity, Bianca Trump, Kimberly Chamber and Sana Fey Videocassette: Anabolic

Girls without boys play with themselves and their toys in Nasty Girls #19. Director Buffy Malibu interrogates the first round of carpet munchers before she launches headlong into two hours of slippery, slutty girl-girl action. Chandler lounges next to her Asian gal pal, Jade Marcela. Exhausted from relentless colondrillings, the fiery-tressed vixen declares that she's through with dick for a while. Malibu asks Marcela to stick out her tongue for Chandler, "Do you think you can work with that?" she asks the anxious redhead. "Oh, yeah," the temporary lesbian coos, squeezing her thighs together. "Her job is to give you an orgasm, and your job is to give her one. Can you both bandle that?" Malibu asks. These girls can and do. They manhandle one another, tasting, stroking, finger-banging and fisting each other's soaking splits. Nasty Girls #19 is made for a woman, but strong enough for a man to use every day.

-D. P



DOWN IN THE BUSH 2
Bliss steadies Blake for Myne

## Anabolic World Sex Tour Volume 18



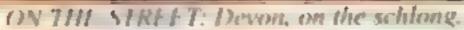
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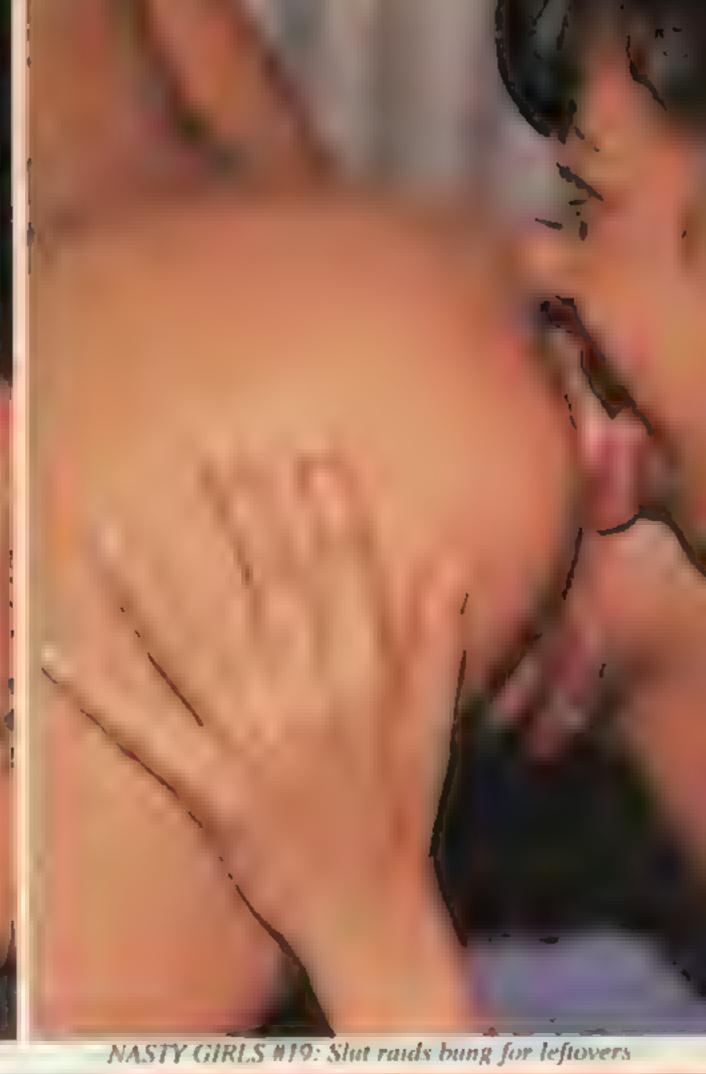


Starring Olivia, Marina, Laura, Andrea
Jeane Jennifer Mark Davis and Vince Youyer
Videocassette-Anabolic

Anabolic World Sex Tour Volume 18 takes viewers into the heart of the Czech Republic. On this two-hour expedition, the wayfaring jerkoff becomes intimately acquainted with the native population, which is apparently composed primarily of wide-eved, honey-skinned nymphs who suck cock vora ciously and engage in hip wrenching double penetrations at the drop of a skirt. Why, then, the meager Half Erect rating? As with any journey into foreign territory, a competent guide is essential. Cohosts Mark Davis and Vince Vouver wield their itinerant meat sticks capably, tearing into the button-cute gamines to loin-stirring effect. As interviewers, the bloated Davis and smug Moe Howard lookalike Vouver make Regis and Kathie Lee seem like Mike Wallace and Diane Sawver. The fact that the subjects' negligible English skills necessitate a third-party translator makes the pre-boffing inquisitions awkward enough; Davis's and Vouyer's ceaseless inanity make them interminable. As a result. World Sex Tour 18 loses -S.A.its way.









WORLD SEX TOUR 18: If you look to your right, you'll see a gaping Crech asshole

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

(Wicked Pictures)

Kalja Kean, Stephanie Swift, Brad Armstrong

Pickup Lines 37 (Odyssey Group Video) India, Charmane Star, Steve Drake

Private XXX Number 1 (Private)
Mistress Katalyn, uncredited sluts and studs



Come Now (Odyssey Group Video)
Alexandra Silk, Randi Storm, Steve Hatcher

Lone Star Virgins 7 (X-Traordinary)
Andrea, Vivian Flame, Zachory Lee Miles

Panty World Issue 6 (Dane Productions)
Rebecca Lord, Kendall Waxx, Pat Myne

Pussyman's Campus Sluts (Odyssey Group Video)

Taylor St. Claire, Natasha Biake. Dave Hardman

Skin Flick (Sin City Ultra)
Inari Vachs, Julie Meadows, Eric Price

Sodomania 28: Tainted Reputations (Elegant Angel)

Damette Rogers, Biondie Anderson, Randy Spears



The Cost of Lust (Wicked)
Laure Sainclair, Matalana, David Perry

Misty Cam #5: Bus Sluts (Metro)
Misty Rain, Dee, Mark Davis

Naked Angel (Arrow Productions)
Capri Cameron, Johnni Black, John Decker

Perfect Pink #2: PurrFection
(Iill Entertainment Inc./Astral Ocean)
Iill Kelly, Alexandra Nice, Chris Cannon

Sex Commandos (VCA)
Stacy Valentine, Flower, Julian



Another Man's Wife (Vivid)

Taylor Hayes, Mila, Tony Tedeschi

City of Anals (VCA Xplicit)
Katie Gold, Barett Moore, Ian Daniels

Deception (Metro/Cal Vista)
Madeiyn Night, Alexandra Silk, Tice Bune

Jimmy Bone: The Search for Awesoma Pussy (VCA Xplicit) Sylvia Saint, Nicole, J. J. Michaels

> Tight Shots (Vivid) Veronica, India, Ed Powers

Touch (Adam & Eve/Ultimate Pictures)
Nicolette, Gina Ryder, Brick Majors



A Little Bit Pregnant #4 (Soho/Metro) Elexa, Kali, Randy Detroit

Kid Vegas Whoremaster (X-Traordinary) Mara Pleasures, Priscilla Jane, Kid Vegas

Shadow Dancers (VCA Xplicit)
Militia, Biaze, Alex Sanders



FAN FUXXX #6: We're sorry you had to see this

## Fan FuXXX #6



TOTALLY



Directed by Christi Lake and John Alleyn, starring Christi Lake, Kat, Kristen, Zena, Candy and various misguided Christi Lake fans Videocassette: VCA Xplicit

Chasti Lake is the host, star and codirector of Fan FuXXX #6, a fuck-the-common-man, documentary-style travesty of the blue screen. Lake, who resembles Todd Rundgren in drag, is so eager to please, she'll apparently fuck anybody. She encourages her fan base to write in and explain why they'd like to be in a fuck video with her. What this Vegas parking-lot hooker wanna-be does in the privacy of her own fleabag hotel is her business, but when she parades bald, scrawny, coochie-slurping grandpas in front of a video camera as jerkoff material for God-fearing Americans, objections must be made in the name of decency. No more desert copulations with old married couples; no more castingcouch quickies with the agent; no more threesomes with grandpa and his bull-dagger sidekick. Fan FuXXX #6 suXXX. -D.P



## Handjob Hunnies Number 1

THREE QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Michael Adams, starring Violet Love, Kristen, McKayla Loia, Wendi Knight, Heaven Leigh Emilia, Mariah, Natasha Biake, Jennifer Leigh Shelby Myne, Cheyenne Silver, Devon Shire, Amia More, Chennin Blanc, Brian Surewood Brick Majors, Roam Wilde, Jake Steed, Tice Bune, Pat Myne, Todd Alexander,

Chris Cannon, Steve Taylor, Andre Maddness and Damien Michaels Videocassette- Ground Zero Entertainment

A refreshing return to basics, Handjob Hunnies Number I features a seemingly endless parade of porn starlets engaging in that noblest form of manual labor, the handjob. Each girl looks directly

into the camera and talks to the viewer before taking a blast of manchowder to her appreciative smile. Wisely lensed from the strokee's-eye view, this fistpumping effort effectively perpetuates the illusion that you are the man in this video fantasy. Handjobs are the main course, but the occasional oral maneuver spices up the menu; the girls need to grease their palms, and nothing works better than deepthroat-induced mucus. Devon Shire returns to XXX with an aggressive, face-to-love rocket lube-athon, Making a soleful nod to the foot-fetish crowd. Kristen jerks a guy off with her lubed feet. Handjob Hunnies Number 1 may not be a gonzo ass-fuck riot, but handcrafted quality never goes out of style. -D. P.





















(continued from page 30)

### Hot Letters I surprised myself by panting, "Give it to me, Doc! Ram that cock up my dirty shitter! Kill that wormy fucker who lives in my bowels! Drown him with your filthy Jewish sperm!"

"Gonna melt you," I babbled. "Gonna come inside your goddamned, frigid, fucking cunt and make you melt, you icecold bitch!" Normally, Gail would sock me for any attempt at dirty talk; on this wonderful day, the words made her cream buckets. She shook beneath me, providing the vibrations that triggered my explosive squirt.

Like I said, I never would have believed that a \$1.99 ice tray could save my sex life. When the weather heats up, we're going to try BenGay. -O. M.

Allentown, Pennsylvania

#### BUTT BUG

I'm a very attractive, 22-year-old black woman. Being an African-American female means I need to take good care of myself. We Nubian princesses are susceptible to high blood pressure...and buttworms. Perhaps you've never heard of these hungry little fellows who feed on chony ass. I certainly hadn't-until a recent trip to the doctor.

"Your weight loss is not a good sign," proclaimed Dr. Greenberg, studying my nude form through his thick glasses. I shivered in the chilly, white room, wishing my circulation were good enough to comfortably endure Greenberg's ban on constrictive hospital gowns.

"But, Doc," I mouned, "I've been exercising and staying away from fried foods, just like you told me. All my friends say I look better than ever. My body is slim and sleek; yet I didn't lose any weight in my breasts or ass."

Greenberg sternly intoned, "That's the problem. I'm afraid you may have contracted a parasite that's plaguing women of the African-American community. The little fellow is a cousin of the tapeworm, popularly known as the buttworm. He hides in ghetto toilet seats and enters during bowel movements. Because the black glutes are so large and cushiony, their owner rarely notices this invasion." I couldn't believe my ears! A disgusting, slimy piece of vermin was buried in my colon. My boyfriend would laugh at the idea; I never, ever allow him to put so much as a pinkie in my bunghole, let alone a penis—or a parasite. Rather than spend another second with this disgusting bottom feeder up my ass, I immediately dropped on all fours and spread open my generous cheeks. Dr. Greenberg dipped his finger in a convenient jar of goopy, much-used Vaseline.

I asked, "Shouldn't you wear a rubber glove or something?"

"No," he responded rather loudly.

"The buttworm will only latch onto warm, living, wriggling flesh. That's why I can't use some type of plastic probe. Judging from your tight, hot, unyielding rectum, you don't engage in anal intercourse—undoubtedly the reason he's taken such permanent residence." Greenberg fell silent and plunged two digits inside me. I cried out in shock. He tore my ass open! When the agony subsided, I was stunned to feel my sweet, black pussy growing damp. Maybe I should try giving in to my boyfriend's constant requests for nasty butt sex.

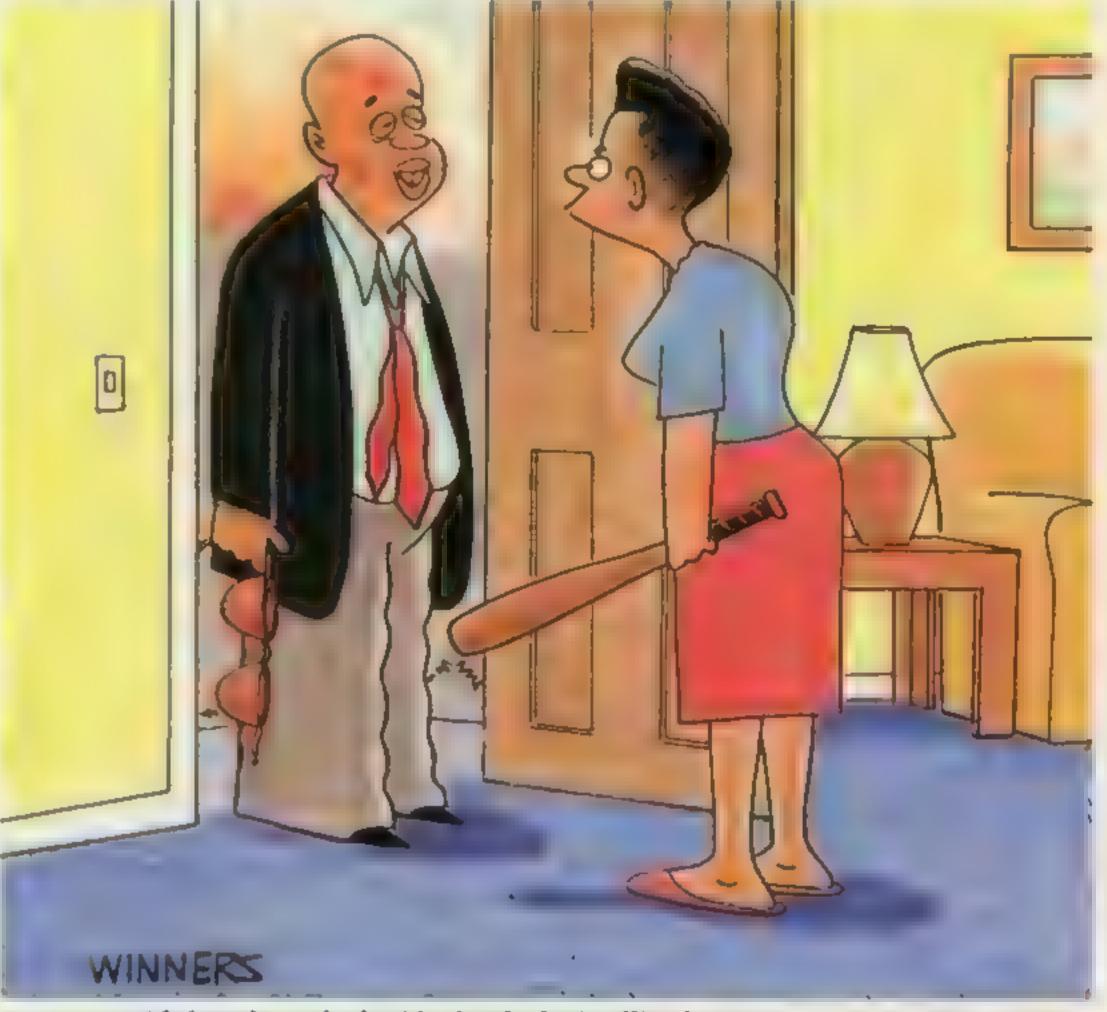
Greenberg's knuckles wiggled around, as if attempting to dilate my poop chute to an inhuman circumference. He dug and dug for my newfound friend, but turned up nothing.

"Damn," groaned the good doctor. "He's a tough one," The self-sacrificing physician dropped his pants and bravely announced, "We're going to have to send in a bigger flesh probe." Apparently, that's medical jargon for the 11-inch woody that was hanging like a hammer between Greenberg's graying thighs. I gasped at the sight of the thick sausage, the biggest I've ever seen on a white boy-or a middle-aged Jew, to be more specific.

He inserted the tip into my alreadyaching sphincters. I couldn't stand the throbbing agony and begged him to withdraw.

Reassuringly, Greenberg spanked my jiggling cakes and instructed, "Manually stimulate your vagina. The sensations will make my entry more pleasurable." In the name of good health, I diddled my clitty with a few fingertips. What a difference! Ecstasy flowed through my loins, and my butthole involuntarily opened to accept the fat Jew-joint. My moaning was no longer a cry of pain, but a rhythmic exhalation of anal lust.

I surprised myself by panting, "Give it to me, Doc! Ram that cock up my dirty shitter! Kill that wormy fucker who lives in my bowels! Drown him with your filthy Jewish sperm!" I hoped that last command wouldn't offend the Semitic Samaritan; perhaps I was a little bit too enthusiastic about my first real bung-drubbing. Thankfully, the ethnic talk seemed to light a fire in Doc's ass equal to the inferno in mine. He pounded me harder than I ever would have imagined possible, wrapping his hands around my throat in what must be a procedure that cuts off the worm's oxygen supply. In the process, I was also short of air; my head was spinning as Greenberg filled my brownhole with blasts of thick cum.



"I thought we had a 'don't ask, don't tell' policy in our marriage."











# Hot Letters Piper emerged from the ladies' room in a bizarre, ultrarevealing leather corset. Her ample tits looked huge, with exposed, pointy nipples peeking out between the black straps.

Afterward, Greenberg pulled out and showed me the buttworm on the head of his cock. Would you believe the little bastard looked exactly like a kernel of corn? The doctor explained that the buttworm is a sneaky master of disguise. For the next six months, I'm supposed to always shit into Saran Wrap and bring Greenberg the turds for closer study. I can't wait for my next appointment! —D. K. Norman, Oklahoma

FRY RAPE

#### My burger-flipping job is a sweaty, grease-encrusted nightmare. I know everybody jokes about the losers who wind up in fast-food jobs. I used to make those jokes too. That was two divorces ago. Now I'm the half-man, half-grill at Papa Burger, suffering from third-degree burns and the taunts of teenage punksone of whom is my pimple-faced manager. Sometimes, I'd like to sneak a gun away from the big, fat cop who sits and eats chili fries all day. My dream is to put the barrel in my mouth, blow my brains all over the grill, fry up the mess of gray matter and serve it on a bun to a lardassed old lady. Of course, if I did, I wouldn't be able to ogle Piper's fine, high rump from behind the counter.

Piper runs the register, and she's an unusual lady in a number of ways. The big-boned bitch is a little bit older than most of the jailbait skanks who sign on for Papa Burger's food, fun and flexible hours. She's also a hell of a lot better-looking. Piper stands more than six feet tall in her uniform and black platform boots, which she insists on wearing, despite complaints from the management. In fact, the last time Pimple-face said something about her shitkickers, Piper fired up a cigarette and held the lit end dangerously close to the little weasel's cychall. He was too terrified to report the incident; I was busy thinking of ways to get near Piper's other burning butt. Something about her long, nearly white hair and overly madeup face really churns my nut butter. I'm forced to whack off four or five times during every shift...usually into the aforementioned peace officer's Big Papa with special sauce.

My imaginary loin-locks with Piper were the highlight of a workday that, astonishingly, became even worse. A sperm-swilling faggot named Marv was hired to be my grill buddy. At first, I wanted to plunge the mincing cocksucker's head into the french-fry basket and let the hot oil scald the countless years of man milk collected in his windpipe.

However, Mary struck up a friendship with Piper, undoubtedly based on their mutual love of accepting massive cocks up the crapper. One morning, we were frying up breakfast burritos when Mary's lisping dropped a bombshell in my red-and-yellow polyester pants.

"You know," he whispered, leaning in a little too close for comfort, "my girl-

friend Piper's a whore."

"Yeah," I replied. "A dirty little whore who needs a dose of my dick in her sloppy cunt." Then I remembered I was talking to a fucking queer. I went back to my usual tight-hpped (and butt-cheeked) silence.

Marv pressed on. "No, silly. I mean she actually performs sex acts for money. Mostly domination. Tying men up, peeing in their mouths—nasty shit like that." I didn't think a guy who spent his nights rooting around in another guy's dirty asshole had any right to call Piper's profession nasty, but I kept my opinions to myself. The synapses in my brain were frying faster than a well-done Double Papa with extra cheese. I struggled to contain my excitement. What if this faggot was lying just to see me aroused?

I asked, "Why are you telling me this, Mary?"

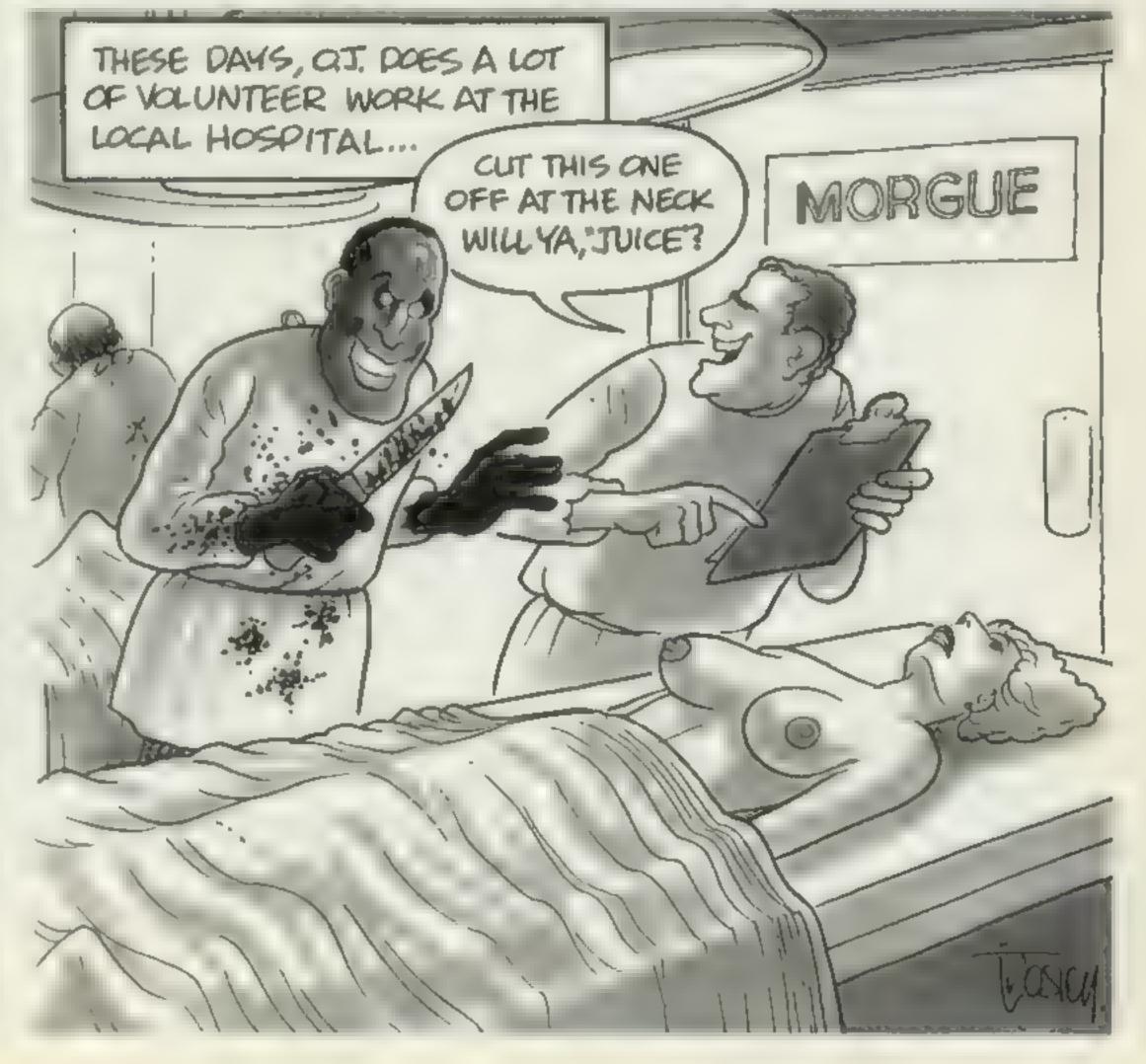
"Because I want to go to the Gay Pride parade," he mewled, "and none of the

homophobes here will take my shift. If you cover for me this weekend, I might be able to hook you up with Piper. Come on! I've watched you through the break room's security camera. I know why you're always tenderizing your meat." I made a mental note to bash Marv's skull in—later. At the moment, he was my favorite faggot on the planet.

Midnight finally arrived, and Pimpleface skipped out on mopping the floor, as usual. I was muttering obscenities in the dark, empty restaurant for a good five minutes before I realized I was not alone. Piper had emerged from the ladies' room in a bizarre, ultrarevealing leather corset. Her ample tits looked huge, with exposed, pointy nipples peeking out between the black straps. Her peroxide hair was twisted into a tall, cruel ponytail. I swear, the sight of Piper—or Mistress Piper, as she demands to be called—was so arousing that I actually mistook my hard-on for the mop handle.

"How dare you expose yourself without my permission!" barked the giant bitch. She stomped one of those heavy boots on my toe; the excruciating pain was the only thing that could possibly wilt my boner.

(continued on page 141)





Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

## The Barren-Nut Blues

OVERCOMING MALE INFERTILITY

BY FLETCHER MARGOLIS . ILLUSTRATION BY SHAG

The bracing trill of an alarm clock startles Kevin and Lori awake shortly after dawn on a rainy St. Louis morning. Barely conscious, Kevin climbs out of bed, stumbles into the bathroom and empties his bladder; he returns to bed, jacks his dick erect and mounts his wife.

Lori and Kevin's fuck session lacks passion, not because they are groggy, and not because their marriage has lost its sizzle, but because intercourse has become strictly goal-oriented. Lori is 42 years old, and she and Kevin have been trying to conceive a child for more than a year, with no success.

"Oh, God, I'm coming," Kevin whimpers. The would-be father grabs a cup from the nightstand, shoots splooge into the sterile semen receptacle and seals it. Kevin pulls on a T-shirt and a pair of jeans, kisses Lori a quick goodbye and rushes through morning traffic to a fertility lab.

The next day, Kevin's urologist calls with the results of his semen analysis. "Your sperm count is about 10 million, which is far too low," says the doctor. A normal level is approximately 50 million sperm per ejaculation.

"I thought we were having trouble because of my wife's age," Kevin says later. "I can't believe that I'm the problem."

Kevin will return to the clinic to have more tests performed, but preliminary results suggest that he suffers from infertility.

From the time they lose their virginity, sexually active men send millions of sperm to their deaths in rubbers or wombs laced with spermicide. The typically commitment-leery puss-hunter is happy to sacrifice his seed in order to avoid impregnating a girlfriend or casual fuckmate, thereby ruining his life with the parental and financial responsibilities of rearing a young shit factory whose face is disturbingly similar to his own.

Through some quirk of maturation that is not fully understood, many men eventually leave behind their days of fierce independence and hedonistic humping, and, in the clutches of a female, enlist their sperm in the creation of human life. It is at this point, after years of conscientiously dodging the ball and chain of fatherhood, that some aspiring breeders become the butt of a cruel joke: They are infertile.

As many as one in five U.S. couples has trouble conceiving, and 30% to 40% of the time the man is to blame. As many as 2 million American men are affected with some form of infertility. Only 25 years ago, the average sperm count was twice what it is today. Environmental toxins and the rigors of modern lifestyles appear to have degraded virility.

"Male fertility is less appreciated by

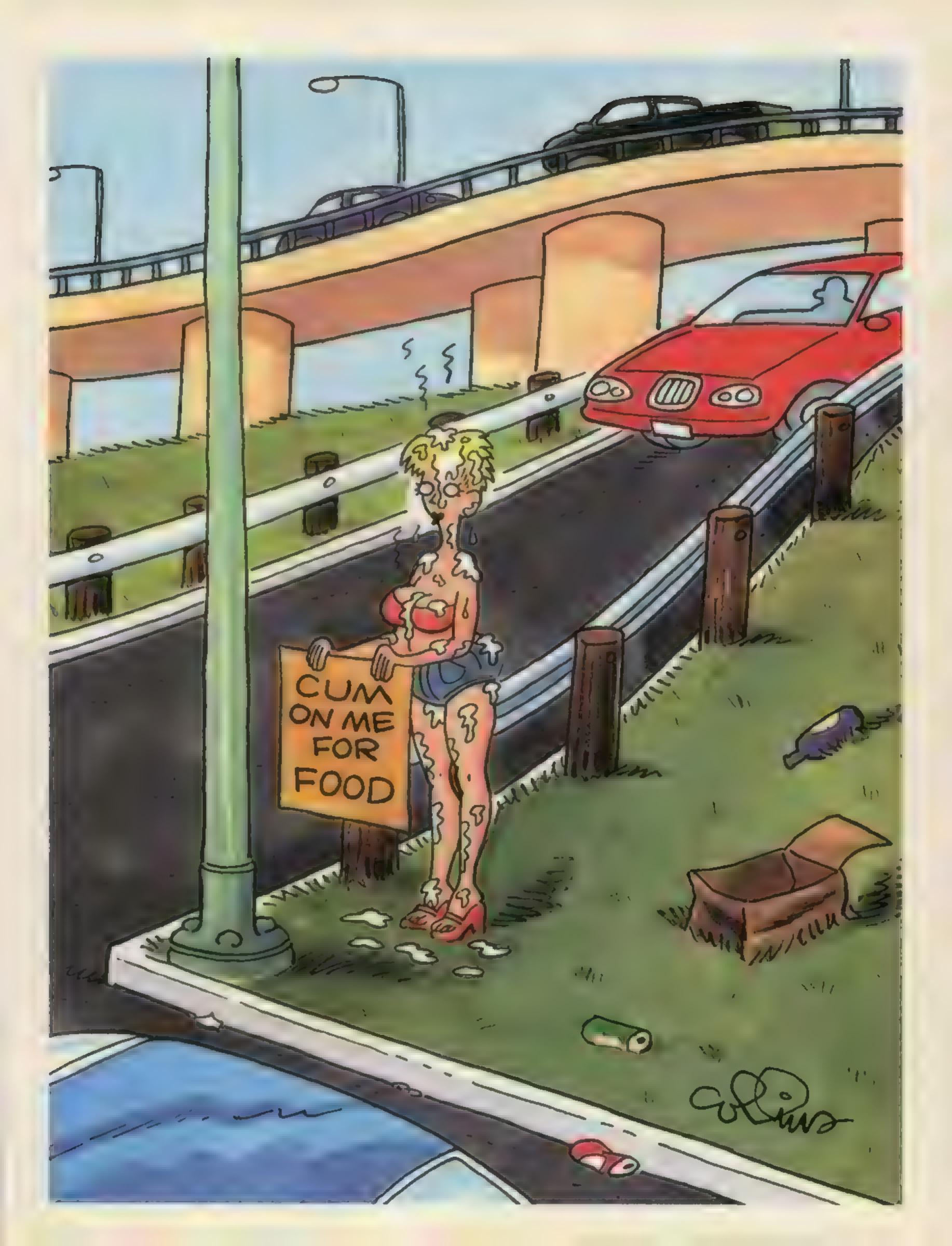
the public than problems experienced by women," says Dr. Richard Sherins, an endocrinologist at the Genetics Institute in Fairfax, Virginia.

Dr. Robert Sher, a Maryland urologist, agrees. "Female infertility is in the limelight and gets a lot of funding for studies, but, for males, there is little money and not a lot of research being done," says Sher.

Nonetheless, a man who would otherwise have no chance of siring children can be blessed with mouths to feed and asses to wipe by recently developed medical procedures.

A number of factors can render a wanna-be daddy's tadpoles incapable of fertilizing an ovum. The primary cause of male infertility is varieose veins within the scrotum, known as varieose veins behind the legs of women who have borne children, but just as many men have







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## Sex Play One thing an aspiring father apparently need not worry about is his choice of underwear.

According to researchers, pelvic temperatures between wearers of boxers and briefs vary very little.

these bags of worms crisscrossing their balls and never notice. Varicoceles allow blood to pool in the scrotum, contributing to a buildup of toxins in the blood, along with an elevated temperature in the *epididymis*, a coiled tube where sperm are stored.

"Varicoceles make it too warm, like a bricklayer who doesn't want to work on a hot day," explains Dr. Sher. "Overheat the testicles, and you end up with sluggish sperm, not enough sperm or low counts." The damage of varicoceles can be treated with surgery, although a less invasive solution may be to simply collect and concentrate sperm for artificial insemination with a device that is essentially a glorified turkey baster.

Hormone imbalances also affect male fertility. The brain, pituitary gland or testes may not produce the right amount of testosterone, for example, to ensure proper sperm production.

Elevated levels of prolactin, a hormone associated with nursing mothers, are found in 10% to 40% of infertile men. A prolactin surplus can impair a man's sex drive and cause impotence, but can be treated with drug or radiation therapies.

Ten percent of the time, a blank-shooting stud suffers from the blockage of a duct, such as the vas deferens, which doctors tie off during vasectomies. When sperm cannot make the trip from the testicles to the penis, in vitro fertilization is sometimes used. The "in glass" procedure entails extracting an egg from the woman and fertilizing the ovum with sperm in a petri dish, then depositing the germinal cells back into the woman.

Illnesses such as gonorrhea and syphilis, or a good, swift kick in the balls, can limit a man's chances of fathering a child. Smoking, taking steroids and inhaling agricultural pesticides may also adversely afteet sperm production.

One thing an aspiring father apparently need not worry about is his choice of underwear. A study at the State University of New York at Stonybrook published in the Journal of Urology debunks the old husband's tale that tighty-whities overheat the balls and leave a man sterile. According to researchers, pelvic temperatures between wearers of boxers and briefs vary very little.

Nor does age appear to be a factor. Sperm counts start to drop when a man is in his mid-40s; but as long as he can deliver his genetic soup, a man in his 70s, 80s or 90s

retains the capacity to impregnate a partner.

"Age is a huge factor for women, but less of an issue for males," says Dr. Michael Opsahl, an endocrinologist based in Fairfax, Virginia, who specializes in advanced reproductive techniques. Colleague Dr. Sherins notes that actor Charlie Chaplin fathered a child at age 90.

Some new techniques are available to help virtually any man capable of generating even the smallest amount of sperm become a father, even if his sperm cannot swim.

With nonsurgical sperm aspiration (NSA), doctors use a tiny needle to take sperm directly from the patient, NSA can be performed quickly and painlessly in a doctor's office for about \$1,000.

For men with extremely low sperm counts or irregularly shaped sperm, doctors can use intracytoplasmic sperm injection (ICSI), a procedure perfected by Belgian physicians in 1993. With ICSI, semen is shot directly into an egg. Even a single spermatozoa will suffice. The Belgian research has brought new hope to couples who had been told that the man was impossibly infertile.

As if infertility were not already difficult enough, in many cases, healthinsurance plans do not cover fertility Some of the treatments and surgeries for men are relatively inexpensive, but costs skyrocket when coupled with procedures involving the woman.

"The prices are outrageous," says Dr. Sher. "If you want to get a second trust on your house, the chances of pregnancy increase."

Even after years of treatment at fertility clinics and thousands of dollars invested, there is still no guarantee that a couple will conceive. Human reproduction is a surprisingly inefficient process. Even with a normally fertile couple, the probability of a live birth once a sperm acquaints itself with an egg is no higher than 20% to 30%.

In vitro fertilization techniques cost \$8,000 to \$10,000 per attempt, with odds no better than those enjoyed by young propagators with fully functioning reproductive systems.

Fertility problems put would-be parents "under incredible stress," says Dr. Sher. "They're always noticing couples with kids. There is only so much a doctor can do to allay anxiety.

"Years ago, people gave up and said it was God's way," adds Sher, "Now we're looking for answers."



"Okay, numbnuts-one last chance. Either I sit on your face or you call Suicide Hotline...."





















# The Queens of Anal Today's jaded pud-puller is unimpressed if a porn chick's shitpit fails to gape wide enough for a cucumber to fall inside it without touching the edges.

At his elegant home in the foothills of Los

Angeles's Santa Monica Mountains, porn

Seemingly

baron Seymore Butts blocks out a scene in which hired dicks Herschel Savage and Jon Dough will sodomize his live-in girlfriend, 1999's AVN Starlet of the Year,

Alisha Klass.

"We're not going to bullshit too much getting into the scene," Butts says. "We'll have blowjobs and pussy-eating—that's obvious.

"When we get to the anal, do cowgirl with Herschel, and then doggy with Jon Dough," Butts says to Klass, who wears a skin-tight Lycra bodysuit.

"It'll be yee-haw and then ruff, ruff," Klass says.

Savage, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and jeans, passes around a tin of Altoids.

Scarcely an hour later, Klass's head has been pounded deep into the leather cushions of a couch by high-speed fucking. Dough pulls out of Klass's ass to gauge the diameter of her bunghole, then steps aside for Savage, whose prong slips effortlessly into Klass's bad place. With one hand on the back of his head and an Elvis curl to his upper lip, Savage pumps in and out of the pretty porn slut's anus.

"Keep...doing...that," Klass moans, her legs in the air and her hands forming a tripod with her head. "I'm going to squirt." Jets of fluid arc out of Alisha's pussy, seemingly pumped by Savage's unrelenting butt-reaming.

"Stay like that; I'm going to take some photos," says Seymore, who has been filming the action with a digital camera. Alisha spreads her ass cheeks and holds the pose as her boyfriend shoots stills of her yawning butthole.

Females of the general population impress and capture males by looking pretty, but porn stars manage to beguile the masturbating masses with their puckered assholes alone. If video rentals are any gauge of male desire, an enthusiastic butt slut is the girl of every man's dreams. In adult films, it is not so much what comes out of a shithole that matters as what goes into it.

Anal sex saturates American pornography. Comboling is the exclusive fixation of product lines such as Buttslammers, Assman, Fuck You Ass Whores and Only the A-Hole. The vast majority of the 300 or so performers who make up the female talent pool in Southern California's Porn Valley take cock in the ass on a regular basis, Ironically, many of the porn stars' male counterparts, grossed out by the feces and fumes that can accompany anal play, would rather stick with pussy.

The ability to gape her anus provides an entry-level slut with an upgrade akin to breast implants; a dilated back hole makes a basic porn actress more desirable and marketable.

A new category of porn chick, the anal queen, has emerged in answer to the call for adult-film starlets with the specialized skills that are required in porn's current carnival era—specifically, the ability to anally swallow a freakishly large johnson, sometimes two or three at a time. Today's jaded pud-puller is unimpressed if a porn chick's shitpit fails to gape wide enough for a cucumber to fall inside it without touching the edges.

Anal queens are the Olympic athletes of video sex, jocks who pump multiple reps of Kegel exercises in order to allow a well-lubed joint to piston in and out of their bowels without a hint of friction or discomfort. A subcategory of slut, the anal gang-bang queen, trains for endurance in grueling one-day events of anal one-upmanship.

In 1992, Daphne, a starlet who once lived in a laundromat, wowed a porn world that was still easy to impress by opening her ass for ten men in the Anal Gang-Bangers.

Six years later, the ill-fated anal specialist Brooke Ashley upped the ante to 25 in World's Biggest Anal Gang-Bang. Ashley tested positive for HIV that same year; in a negligence lawsuit, she claims to have contracted the deadly virus during the filming of the gang-bang.

Kendra Jade is the reigning anal gangbang queen, having hosted a rump roast for 34 in 1998's World's Biggest Bang-Off.

"It was a mistake," says Jade, who claims she had never even had anal sex with her boyfriend before her gang-bang. "Thirty-four guys in one day is not worth the health risk it poses. I would definitely say to anyone who would try to top it that they're out of their mind."

Jessica Darlin, a petite, curvaceous blonde, has her sights set on a "careerending" gang-bang, and, presumably, Kendra Jade's porcelain throne.

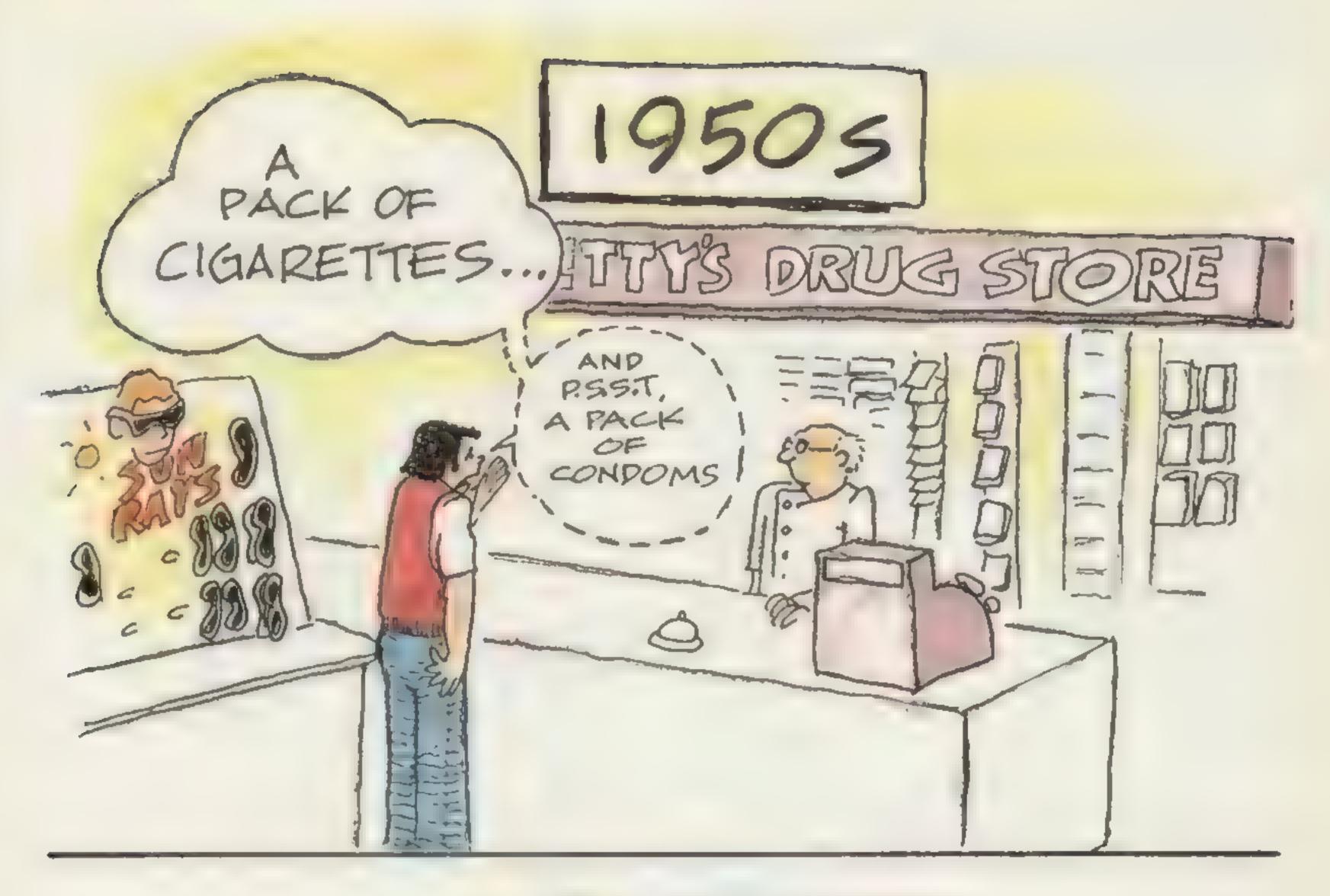
"Before it's all over, I plan to do the most ass-pounding anal gang-bang of all time," Darlin says, though, as yet, she has no plans to retire.

The drive for ever-greater ass-bang numbers is fucled by a collaboration of porn producers competing for market share and starlets vying for exposure. This unholy alliance conceives of and enacts sex feats that push the human body to its limits.

"What people saw yesterday doesn't turn their crank anymore; they want to



"She's a Kosovo refugee...she's used to Americans dropping bombs on her."





## The Queens of Anal "One thing we'll do is come in the ass, open

it with a speculum, piss in the ass and have the girl suck it out with a straw. We've really raised the bar quite a bit."

see something more," says Steve Sweet, president of www.buttcam.com, an adult Web site. Sweet has developed a camera built into a special housing with a light source that records a penis-eye view of the colon.

"We're trying to create new and greater penetrations," Sweet says. "It's art."

Max Hardcore is a sphincter auteur whose sadistic imagination has set the porn world scrambling for ways to keep up.

"One thing we'll do is come in the ass, open it with a speculum, piss in the ass and have the girl suck it out with a straw," Hardcore says. "That's about as dirty as it fucking gets. We've really raised the bar quite a bit."

Alisha Klass has won adult-video awards for outstanding anality, but Jessica Darlin, a 23-year-old Delaware native, is as raunchy as anal queens come.

"There are just not women my size doing the things I do as hard as I do it for as long as I can," says Darlin, barely five foot one and 105 pounds. "I've done things with cocks that just shouldn't fit."

Darlin considers vaginal sex "foreplay," and has trained her anus to gape so wide that "it feels like having another breathing hole." She has opened her ass in 79 of her 80 adult films. The Extreme Associates

contract girl rejects rumors that her anus is somewhat worse for the wear.

"The proof is in the pudding," Darlin says.

Darlin's overachieving derriere is indeed a pretender to the broken-rosebud throne, but porn's lower-intestinal monarchy is crowded with aspirants to the royal toilet seat.

"I don't do anal every day, but I know I'm an anal queen; everybody else can go fuck themselves," says Jasmin St. Claire, star of World's Biggest Gang-Bang, Part II. "It's quality over quantity—just watch my fucking movies. Just because some stupid whore decides to do 100 movies because her parents fucked her up doesn't make her an anal queen."

While it is the rare porn shit who carries herself with the regal bearing of a Jasmin St. Claire, dozens of adult-film actresses have distinguished themselves by doing truly amazing things with their assholes. Cumisha Amado can fist her bunghole while standing up; Nici Sterling has done a double anal; Deelicious has wedged three cocks in her ass for a butt-wrenching triple anal; Nikki Brantz can gape her browneye as wide as an orange. Juli Ashton, Bunny Bleu, Brittany O'Connell...the list of back-door enthusiasts is longer than one of Lincoln's logs.

But what propels a porn slut to become an anal queen as opposed to an everyday cock hound? Butt sex tends to pay more per scene than vaginal sex, but the girls who rise to the top of the butt-cheek heap tend not to ass-fuck for the extra money; rather, they are typically anally orgasmic.

"I don't fake shit, dude," says Chłoe, a 27-year-old Los Angeles native who is one of adult film's premier anal skinstars, "If a dick's in my ass, I'm coming.

"It's nasty to stick your dick in a girl's ass," adds Chloe. "Most men don't have girls like that in their lives. That's what makes us porn stars."

Chloe was 14 years old the first time she had anal sex, and she had been eight when she inserted the wooden handle of a hairbrush up her butt; but the key event of her sexual life happened even earlier, when she was seven.

"I got in an accident in the first grade," Chloe says. "I jumped off the top of the monkey bars, my leg caught the third from the bottom, and bam! I severed all the nerves to my clit. It was a bloody mess down there.

"That was the beginning of everything that has to do with my sexuality," Chloe says. "When I found out I wasn't going to have a working clit, I started experimenting with other ways to get off, and anal fell right into that. Pretty much anything you can think of has been in my butt."

Chloe, like Klass and Darlin, is a XXX star who combines genuine anal croticism with comeliness.

"It's a man's fantasy to see a beautiful girl doing all this nasty stuff," says Jasmin St. Claire. "That's why I do extremely well—I'm one of the better-looking girls in the industry. I know that for a fact."

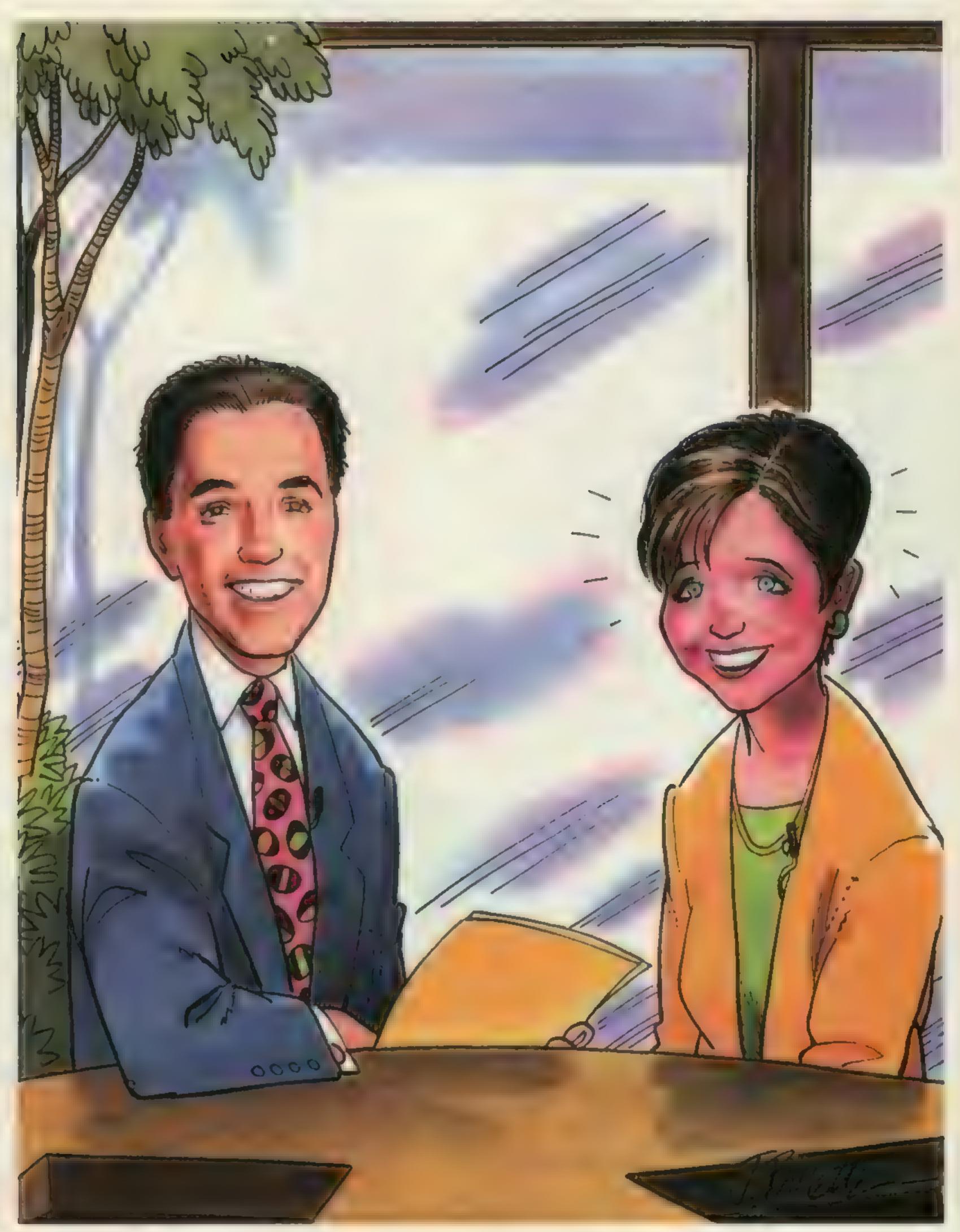
Beauty combined with anality achieves a fantasy archetype: the gorgeous, unattainable fox who abandons herself completely to a man's most craven desires. An anal queen is a walking inversion of the everyday power dynamic—an immediately fascinating quality in a time when skin-flick plots have gone the way of porn-slut pubic hair.

Anal specialist Alexandra Nice is lovely enough to be a Clinique model. She earns her keep by renting out her tanned, round ass for videotaped games of hide-the-salami.

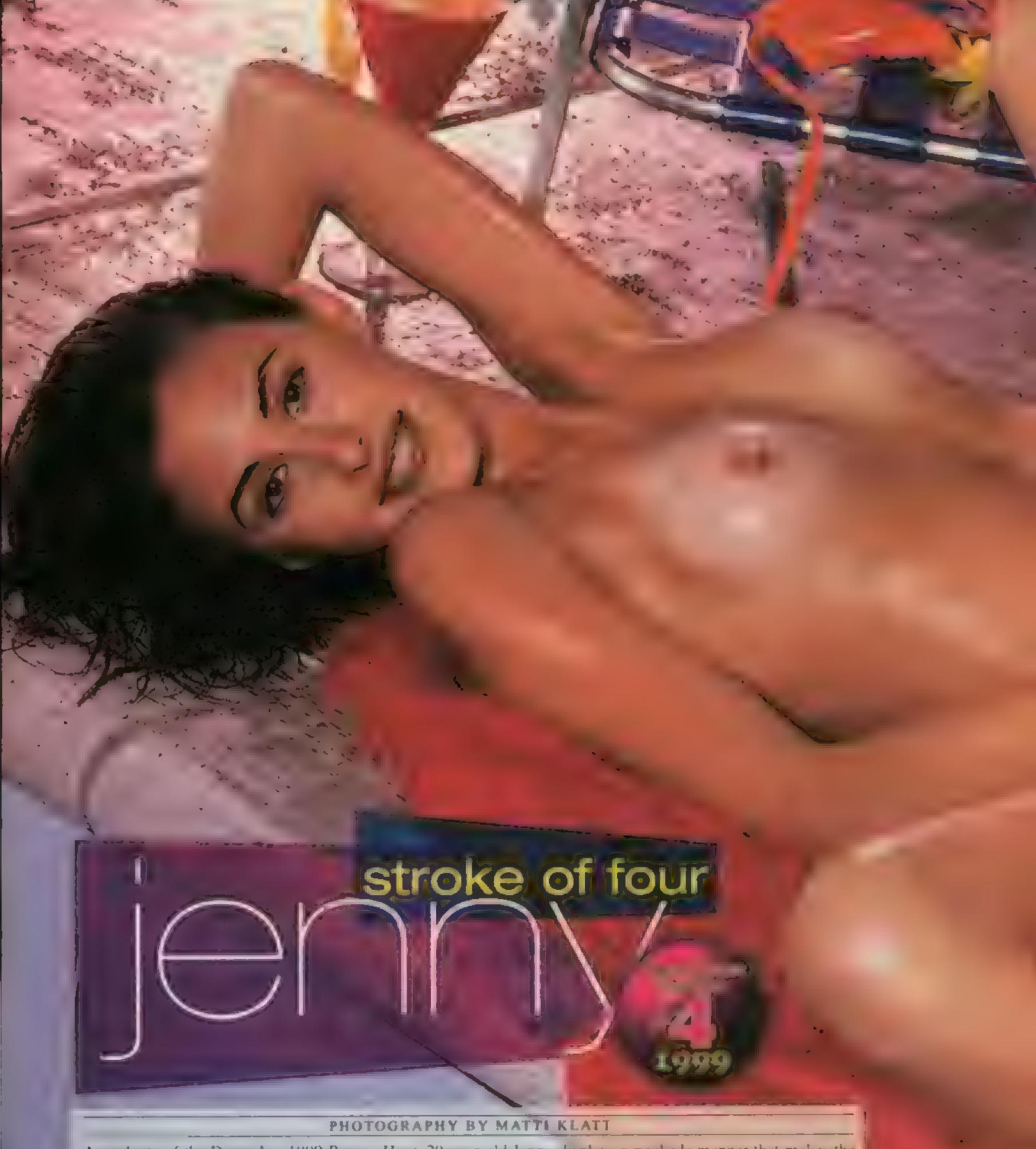
"I have anal sex at home with my boyfriend every day," says the Polish porn chick. Her good looks and back-door enthusiasm make her a prototypical anal queen, and possibly a future superstar.

"People love to see a beautiful girl who (continued on page 68)





"...On a more personal note, this is Matt Lauer saying:
Under the desk, I'm buck naked and am sitting on a butt plug. Over to you, Katte!"



A graduate of the December 1999 Beaver Hunt, 20-year-old Jenny displays a poolside manner that makes the hardened HUSTLER staff want to take a few laps before diving into her deep end. The bright-cycl brunche from Irvine, California, enjoys hiking, swimming, traveling and scuba diving when she's not showing off her tasty curves for the camera. Jenny lists "excellent communication skills" as her finest nonfleshy asset. Will Jenny's message of muff convert enough readers to make her a Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner of \$5,000 and a trip to the glamour capital for a HUSTLER pictorial?

Is your pussy capable of inducing massive strokes? See page 104 to enter the Beaver Hant Photo and Video Contests











(continued from page 60)

# The Queens of Anal "I guess it's just life coming full circle: You

start off wearing diapers, and you die wearing diapers. At least I won't have to make long trips to the bathroom."

has a raw, wounded anus basically fucked senseless," says Gregory Dark, the porn director who broke ground in the mid-'80s with anal-themed films such as Between the Cheeks, "It's the ultimate act of submission."

"It's basic supply and demand," says Seymore Butts. "For men, anal's the last thing they get from their wives, if they get it at all. What people aren't getting is what they want to consume."

"Could it be that die-hard anal fans are latently, possibly blatantly, homosexual?" asks director David Christopher, "With all the anal antics flooding the market, I'm starting to fear for the future of heterosexuality in America."

A Freudian would link a mania with butt sex with the "pregenital phase" of sexual development: Children are shamed when they shit where they shouldn't and, consequently, learn that the anus is dirty. When these children grow up and realize that dirty is sexy, they rent Slap 'er in the Crapper, Hit 'er in the Shitter.

Porn groundbreaker Gregory Dark's take on the buggery boom has a more homespun appeal.

"It's the ultimate degradation, and it empowers the male viewer, who has perhaps been rejected at some point," Dark says. "If pretty girls in high school were giving it up regularly, and all you had to say is, 'Hey, I think you're really hot; can I fuck you, right now, in the bathroom?' I don't think people would care about pornography,"

Health-care professionals wince when they contemplate the anal craze. Aside from the increased risk of HIV transmission that accompanies unprotected backdoor love, brutal rectal antics can injure the delicate tissues of the lower colon. In the European porn world, where anal sex scenes can be particularly extreme, three women are said to have retired after rupturing the perineum, the skin and muscles between the anus and the vagina.

"The more dramatic you get, the more interesting the potential consequences are," says Dr. Steven York, M.D., medical director of the Adult Industry Medical Healthcare Foundation.

Dr. York, well acquainted with the health of members of the adult-film community, says that bleeding hemorrhoids are the most common anal affliction he sees, although he also comes across anal fissures—tears in the lining of the anus.

"Anal queen is not the safest occupation around from the point of view of infection," York says. "From the point of view of physical injury, there are more dangerous jobs. You don't hear about these women going around pooping in their pants, because they're not."

Every porn starlet will vehemently deny that her anus leaks, and chances are she's telling the truth, but overly aggressive anal intercourse could progressively weaken the sphincters, causing seepage problems later in life.

"You eventually damage the muscle fibers over a period of time," says Dr. Beth Moore, a colo-rectal surgeon at Cedars Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. "People compensate for that when they're younger, but, when you're older, that compensation starts to break down."

Will Depends someday develop thong diapers for ex-porn stars?

"You might be fine when you're in your 30s and 40s; but I can tell you that when you're in your 60s and 70s, you're going to have major problems," Dr. Moore says. "We're talking about diapers and colostomies."

Jessica Darlin has had her pooper checked out by a proctologist and is well aware of the risks she runs; nonetheless, the spunky starlet is cavalier about the possible damage she has done to her keister.

"I guess it's just life coming full circle: You start off wearing diapers, and you die wearing diapers," Darlin says. "The punishment fits the crime in this one. At least won't have to make long trips to the bathroom."

For her part, Chloe has made changes in her behavior because of a rip she suffered while doing a double penetration.

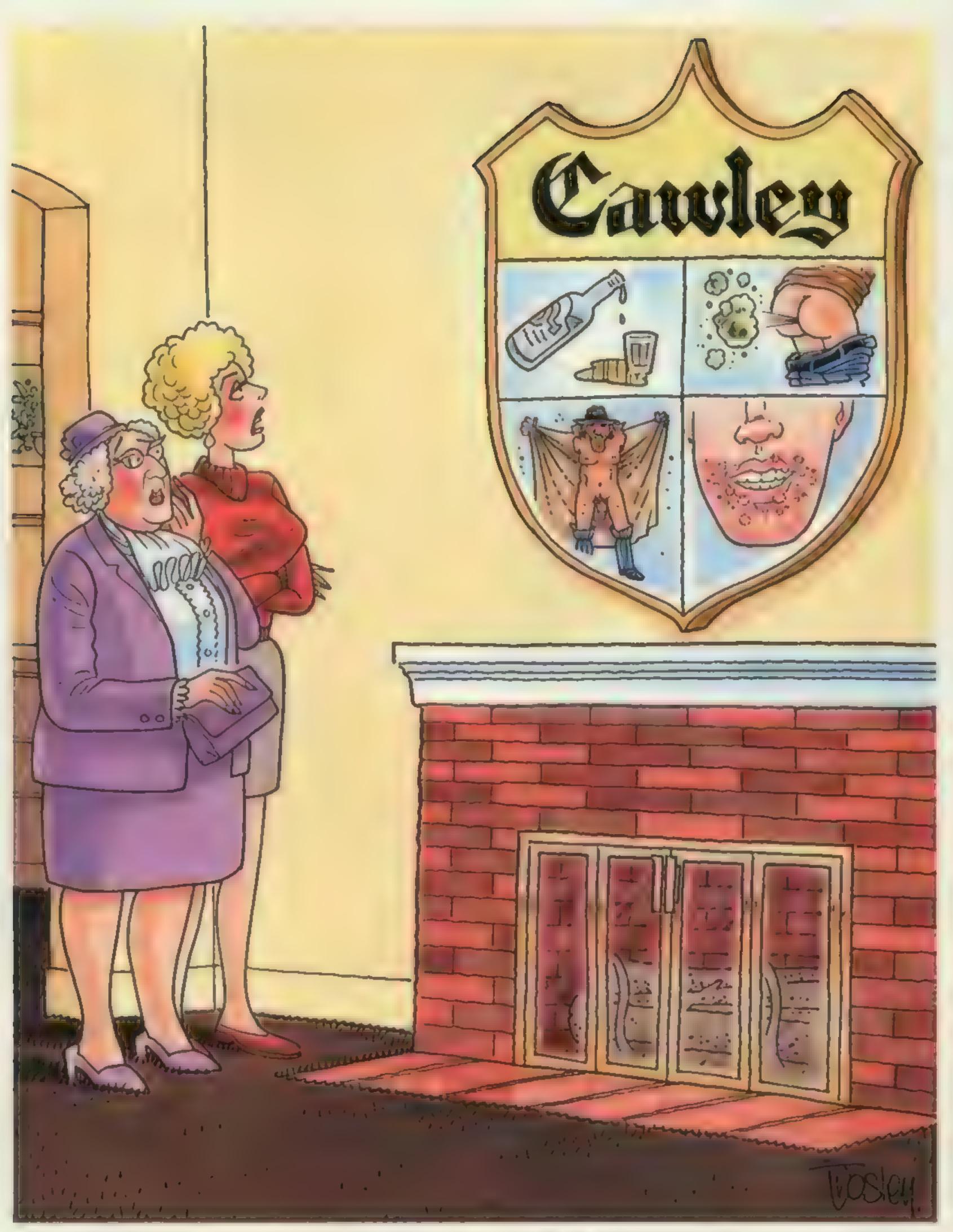
"I couldn't have anal sex for 60 days," Chloe says. "I was a wreck,"

Since then, Chloe likes to keep anal sex "human-sized," and has even taken steps against HIV. "You don't touch me without a condom," she says.

"My main attraction right now is my anus," Chloe adds, "I'm going to take the best fucking care of that thing that I possibly can, even though I still haven't met a hand that I can't shake."

Birds chirp in a rose garden behind a Mediterranean, stucco house in an uppermiddle-class neighborhood in Glendale, California. A crew films blond, diminutive starlet Mila Shegal masturbating with a pink vibrator. A torrent of fluid gushes out of her cooch. As an impromptu addition to the gonzo sex scene, Mila, also known as the "ass artist" for the canvasses she makes by spraying paint out her shithole, lubes the end of a garden hose and inserts the nozzle into her rectum. A pair of onlookers attempts to

CONVENTION MENTAL WESIGN WORKE



"Bill had his ancestry traced... "























A masked man ran into a sperm bank with a pistol and pointed the gun at the receptionist.

"See that cup on the counter?" growled the gunman. "Drink it!"

"But that's sperm," stammered the flustered woman.

"Now!" commanded the masked man, cocking the gun.

The receptionist took the lid off the cup and, closing her eyes, gulped down the still-warm jizz. The man whipped off his mask. The cum drinker was shocked to see that the gunman was her husband.

He smiled, "Now was that so bad?"

Question: What do you have when your donkey eats the legs off my rooster?

Answer: Two feet of my cock in your ass.

Junior and Clay, two rednecks, were in line at the post office when a poster caught Clay's eye. An enormous black guy with no neck stared out from the notice above a caption that read: WANTED FOR RAPE.

"Sheeyit," Clay fumed to Junior, "How come they always get the good jobs?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines sacred cows as: a church choir.

Angie, a cute nurse, confided to her friend, "I fucked every single doctor at Mercy General."

"Interns?" her friend asked.

Angie replied, "No, alphabetically."

n the photocopy room, three co-workers bragged about their kids. "I have five boys," boasted Lester, "enough for a basketball team."

"So? I've got nine boys," trumpeted Mike, "enough for a baseball team."

Carl smiled broadly. "I have six girls," he beamed, "enough for a golf course."

Tom went to a clinic for his prostate exam. When Tom dropped his pants, the examining doctor noticed a cork in Tom's ass. Being a good doctor, he removed the cork, and music started playing: "On the road again, just can't wait to get on the road again...."

"I'll be damned," the medic said, "That's the most amazing thing I've ever seen."

Tom shrugged. "Not really, Doc. Any asshole can sing country music."

A wife coyly tried to explain buying a new pair of expensive, imported panties. "After all, dear," she said, "you wouldn't expect to find fine perfume in a cheap bottle, would you?"

"No," her husband replied. "Nor would I expect to find gift wrapping on a dead beaver."

wo hookers loitered on a street corner. They started discussing business, and one of the hookers said, "Gonna be a good night. I smell cock in the air."

The other hooker looked sheepish. "No, I just burped."

When Sam was 87, he fell in love with 86-year-old Rose. They married in June. On their honeymoon night, Rose saw Sam trying to pull a condom over his limp dick.

"Honey, what are you doing?" Rose giggled. "I can't get pregnant anymore."

"Of course," Sam rasped, "but you know how the dampness affects my arthritis."

Question: What do you call five dogs with no balls?
Answer: The Spice Girls.

Farmer Pete was taking his newborn calf to sell at an auction. On the way to market, he got robbed by thieves, who tied him to a tree. Pete stood bound, stark naked and hungry, the calf at his side, until some neighbors found him two days later.

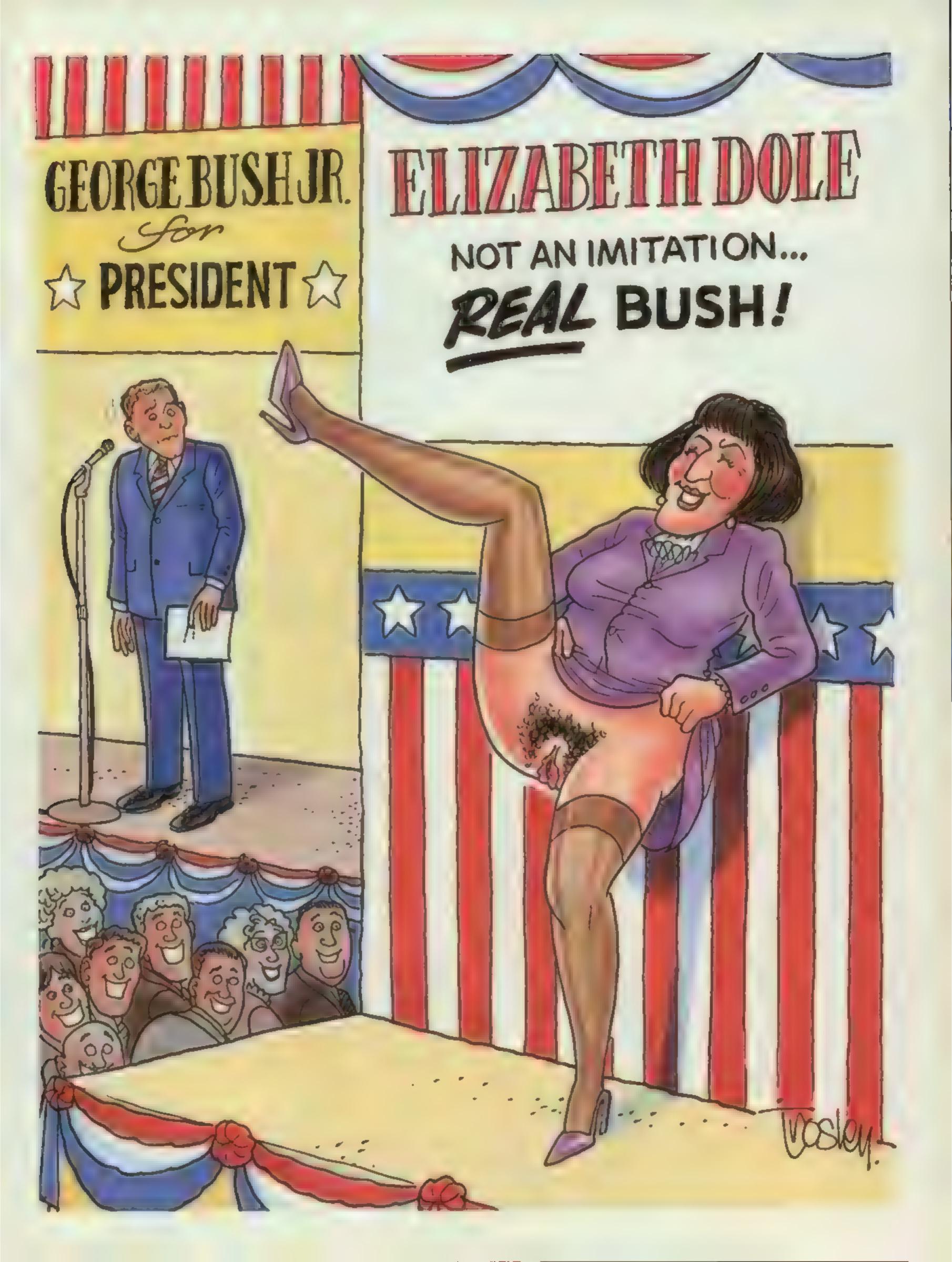
When they untied him, Pete picked up a huge stick and bashed the calf with it.

"Jesus God! What are you doing?" his rescuers cried.

Farmer Pete kept beating the poor animal and yelling,

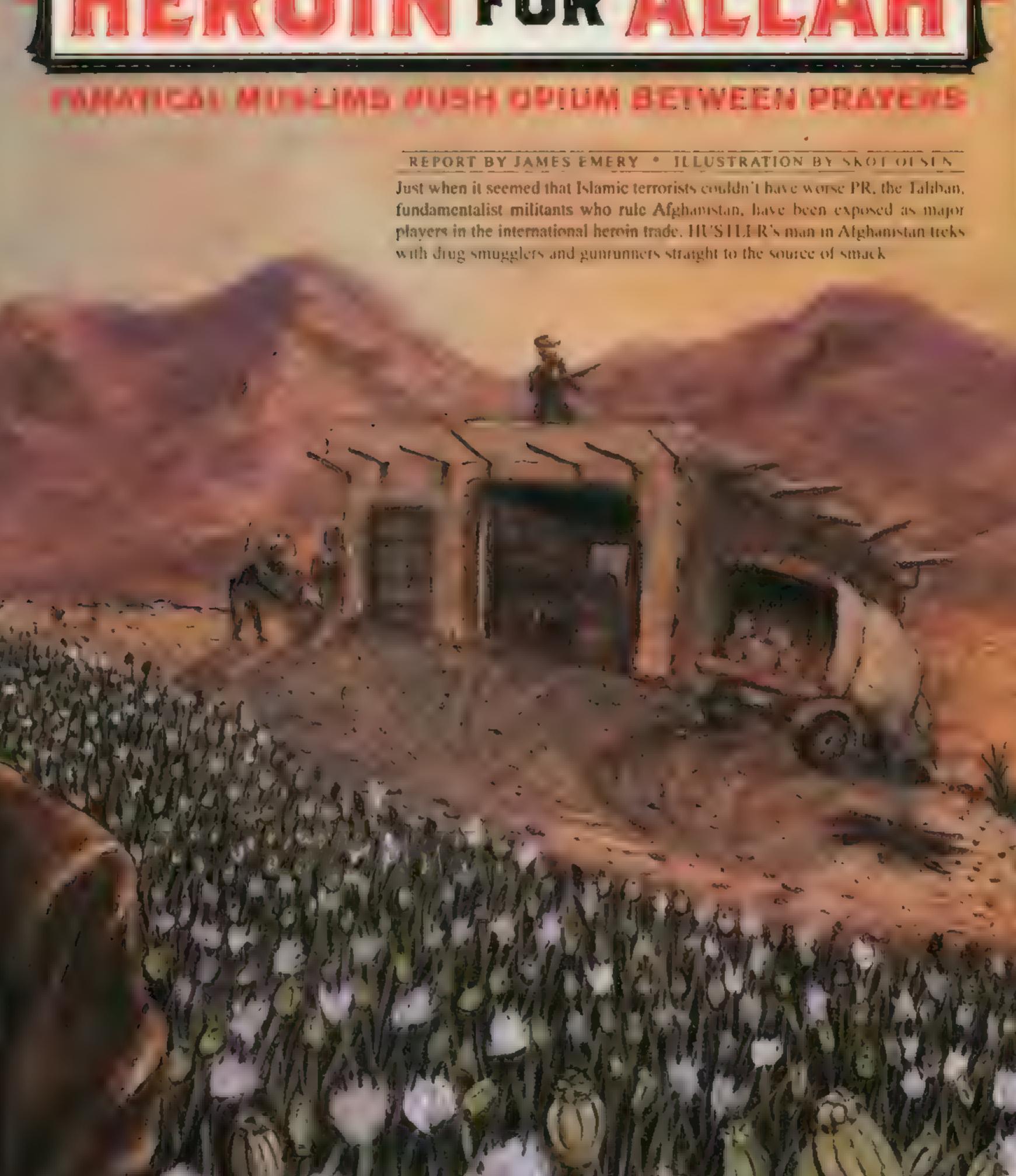
"I—am—not—your—mother!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail jokes to hustler(a lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.









# Heroin for Allah "The killing is good," says one Afghan villager who

has taken part in rajm, the public stoning of an adulterous couple. "It keeps people obedient."

Farida's slender body jerks forward with each stroke of the whip. The young girl's penalty of 100 lashes is for committing an unpardonable offense: walking with a man she is not related to. Farida's limp form hangs from a crude, wooden post; a mixture of blood and sweat seeps through the young girl's garments. Standing beside her is an Islamic cleric, who loudly denounces Farida's sin and warns of the dreaded consequences of invoking Tahban justice.

The Taliban, Islamic zealots who control 90% of Afghanistan, regularly pack cheering crowds into Kabul Sports Stadium to watch as fornicators are flogged, thieves have their right hands and left feet cut off, and murderers are gunned down by relatives of the deceased. The same brutal form of justice is meted out at villages throughout the country. Adulterers are stoned to death, with entire villages, including women and children, being encouraged to participate.

"The killing is good," says one Afghan villager who has taken part in rajm, the public stoning of an adulterous couple. "It keeps people obedient."

The influence of the Taliban stretches as far as the United States to pollute the lives of Christians and unbelievers. How many infidel junkies realize that policies carried out by Islam's servants have opened the floodgates of the very dope they shoot into their veins? To fund their religious revolution, the Taliban deal in opiates—opium, morphine base and heroin—in spite of Islamic prohibitions against drugs.

Soviet tanks rolled into Afghanistan in 1979, sparking a brutal and bloody conflict that lasted for ten years and displaced 3.5 million refugees. In the hundreds of squalid refugee camps that straddled the Pakistani border, anti-Western Islamic clerics organized and groomed Taliban militants to one day take control of Afghanistan.

Soviet forces withdrew from Afghanistan in 1989; three years later, the Marxist Najibullah regime fell, and civil war broke out among competing Afghan political parties. When the Taliban captured the capital city of Kabul on September 27, 1996, the fundamentalist leadership immediately imposed a twisted version of sharia, strict Islamic law, on the war-weary populace.

God's work, for the Taliban, involves outlawing everything from cassette tapes to razors. Even flying kites is forbidden, because such frivolous distractions might interrupt prayers. Women are not allowed to work or attend school and are forced to wear a burga, a garment that covers the

body from head to toe. Men must wear skullcaps or turbans, grow beards and pray at a mosque five times a day. Failure to comply with strictures such as these could result in severe beatings, sometimes given on the spot, at the hands of roving bands of Taliban thugs.

What a Western observer might describe as human-rights abuses are carried out by the Taliban in the name of Allah. The inverted ethical code under which Afghanistan's 18 million people exist extends beyond morality into the realm of economics. Just over a year after Taliban soldiers conquered the provinces south of the Hindu Kush mountain range, opium production reached 2,800 tons, a sevenfold increase from before the Taliban seized power. Estimates derived from CIA satellite photography indicate that nearly 100,000 acres of poppies are currently under cultivation in areas under Taliban control.

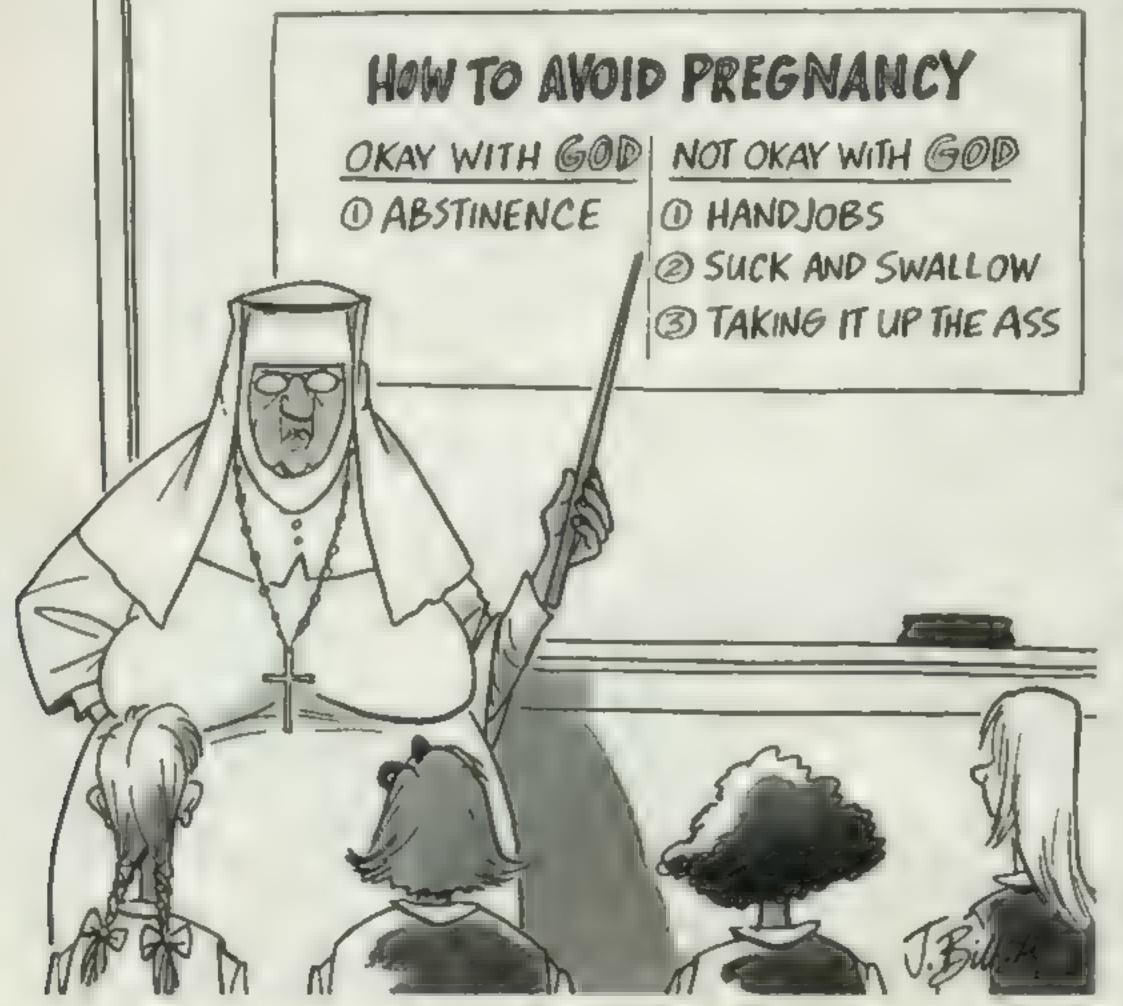
According to United Nations figures, Afghanistan is the largest single producer of opium in the world. Before 1996, while still fighting to consolidate control of the country, the Taliban taxed opium growers, refiners and smugglers. According to the Cooperative Center for Afghanistan, a nonprofit investigative group, the Taliban tax amounts to about \$48 per kilogram of opium produced. Drugs continue to fund Afghanistan's government to this day.

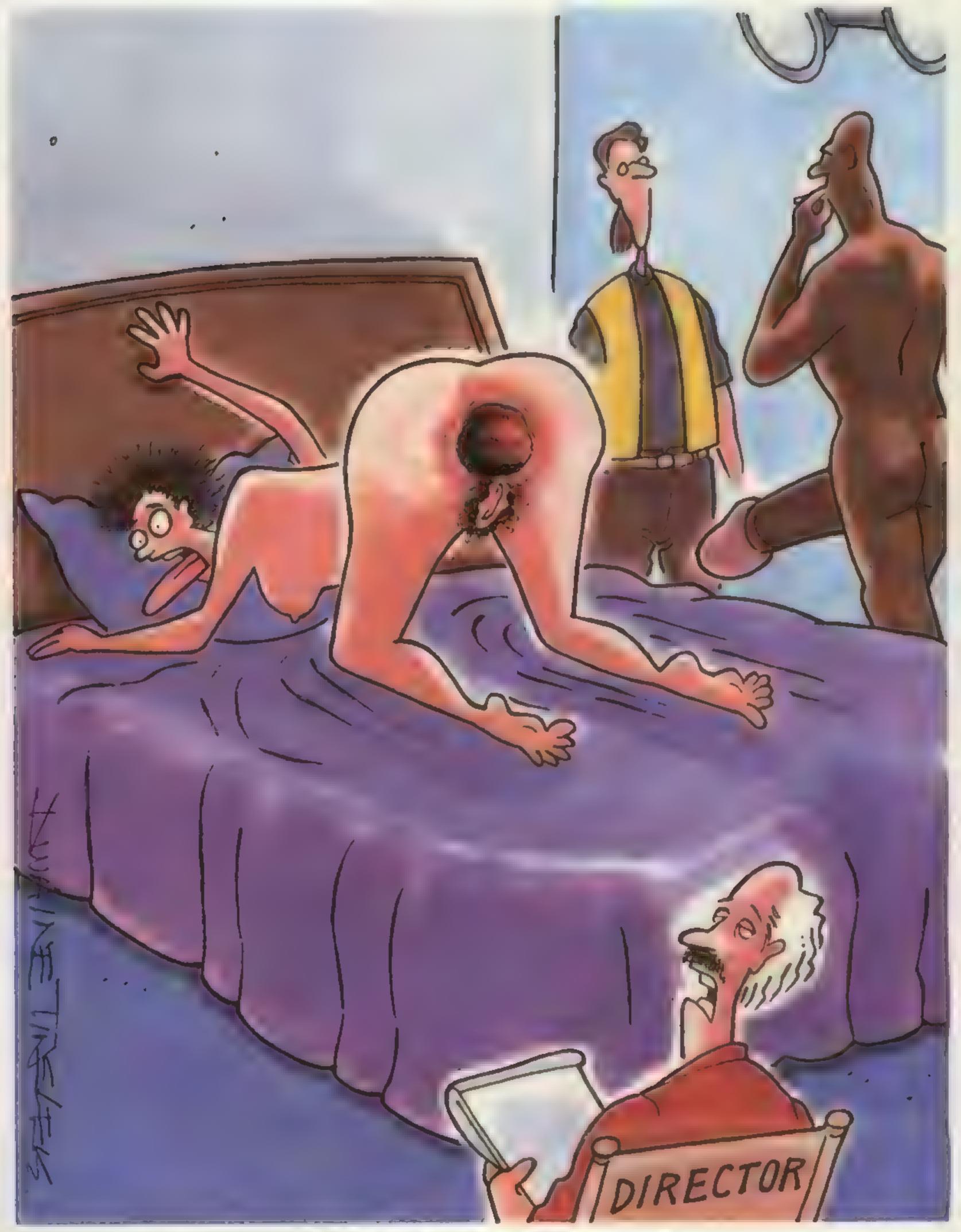
With an eye toward India, the jewel of the subcontinent, Alexander the Great, Darius I and Genghis Khan poured through Peshawar, Pakistan, a bustling border town near the Khyber Pass. Hundreds of years later, Peshawar became the home of seven official Afghan political parties waging war against the Russian invasion army.

Before dawn on a recent winter morning, I shiver with cold in the Dabgari Gardens section of Peshawar, awaiting a group of smugglers who have agreed to let me tag along with them as they trek into Nangarhar, the second-largest opium-producing province in Afghanistan. An estimated 120 rudimentary opium labs are sprinkled throughout the mountainous region. I hope to reach one of these crude factories where opium is processed into morphine base and heroin; there, I will be able to have a firsthand look at the building blocks of the international narcotics trade.

Across the street from where I wait, bakers slap slabs of wheat dough into large, underground ovens to make nan, a thick, chewy bread that is a staple of the

(continued on page 94)





"That's a wrap! Cut - print - call the paramedics!"

# Pocal vere Ment PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATI Convinced of an impending millennial Armageddon, John conducts an emergency-preparedness drill with Mia. "Once the Y2K bug sends all of the missiles into launch sequence, it's gonna be anarchy," the survivalist rants, leading Mia into his underground bomb shelter. "We'll be safe down here; my bunker has everything we'll need to wait out the nuclear winter." Mia looks around, unconvinced, "A filthy mattress? That's it?" "People can live for weeks on bodily fluids," John explains, tapping into the wellspring between Mia's legs. He sets his missile into launch mode, dispensing a ration of liquid protein on Mia's tongue. Will John and Mia be called upon to repopulate a desolate, postapocalyptic landscape? They're willing to train hard for the task.















### (continued from page 84)

### Heroin for Allah Afghan peasants typically have little to no education and couldn't care less about the global impact of the drug trade or the moral implications of their product.

Afghan diet. As the fire crackles in the still, cool air, a Japanese pickup truck arrives to take me across the border. Fierce Pathan tribesmen sit on wooden crates in the back of the truck. The scruffy warriors are armed with Sovietstyle AK-47 automatic rifles; ammo belts holding extra clips are strapped around their chests. Smuggling can be tough business, and this group is ready for anything.

We ease through Pakistani military checkpoints and into Afghanistan without incident, even though our vehicle is loaded with boxes of land mines, crates of machine guns and squat, maroon drums of plastic explosives. At a remote base camp several hundred miles south of Kabul, 20 more Pathan tribesmen join the group of smugglers. Morning prayers are in order, and the gang of smugglers removes its shoes, lining up to face Mecca and offer homage to Allah.

Once the prayers have concluded, the pious Muslim gunrunners unload the pickup truck, which turns back toward Pakistan. The roads at this point are impassable, even for a sturdy 4 x 4, and we will walk the rest of the way to Nangarhar, humping the guns and munitions on an across valleys and through mountains.

Walking in single file, we maneuver through dry streambeds and open fields, careful to avoid the land mines and unexploded ordnance that litter the countryside—souvenirs left by the Soviets. We reach a small village and stop at a dilapidated restaurant for tea and nan. The pungent odor of kerosene lanterns and wood smoke from cooking fires hangs in the air. The shop owner and his son eye our group warily, avoiding small talk. Merchants know better than to pry into the activities of strangers, especially when the strangers are well armed.

Since my Dari is limited, I rely on Haroon, my interpreter, to ask my companions questions about the drug route.

"Our trail has been used for many years to haul everything: cigarettes, household goods, drugs and weapons," says Aziz, one of the older Afghans. Aziz explains that the lowest tier of the drug trade is made up of growers, refiners and smugglers from rural areas, who struggle to provide their families with the basics of food, clothing and shelter.

Afghan peasants typically have little to no education and couldn't care less about the global impact of the drug trade or the moral implications of their product. No one age-old smuggling route that snakes in the smuggling group I travel with has ever seen anyone inject heroin or heard of

a methadone clinic, but the rugged pragmatists know which cargo is most profitable and most in demand.

As night falls, we snake in single file over the foothills until we come across a crude, mud-and-straw dwelling. Several armed tribesmen greet us, and we're ushered inside. The medieval-looking hovel is long and narrow, an oasis providing food and shelter for the smugglers and soldiers of Islam.

According to reports from the Bureau of International Narcotics and Law Enforcement (INL), in late 1997, a highranking Talıban official acknowledged that the tax collected by local mullahs on opium crops amounts to 10% of the crop's wholesale value. The tax is for Allah, and the Taliban are his collectors

While Taliban leaders openly admit to taxing the drug trade, the self-described holy men insist that their policies do not violate Islamic law. The teachings of Mohammed, however, proscribe the use of tobacco, drugs and alcohol.

The United Nations provides massive aid programs to Afghanistan at the same time that it tries to convince the Taliban to curtail opium production. More than \$270 million is budgeted for Afghanistan in 1999, including \$53.6 million in food aid. Money under this appropriation is provided for fertilizers, irrigation and related projects. Critics have charged that UN funds do little more than subsidize drug production by enabling farmers to grow opium instead of traditional crops, such as wheat, nuts, fruits and vegetables.

However, Taliban leaders would seem to have an incentive to crack down on the drug trade because the de facto government of Afghanistan desperately craves international recognition and a seat in the United Nations, Only Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates and Pakistan have extended full diplomatic relations to the Taliban. The Islam extremists have demanded hundreds of millions of dollars in additional aid from lending agencies before they will take steps to stop opium cultivation.

"We know it is very important to ban poppy cultivation," says Ahmed Muttawakil, a Taliban government spokesman. "It is not an easy thing to do." Muttawakil fears that an outright ban on poppy cultivation could lead to farmer unrest, but the Taliban have done little to support UN-sponsored alternative-crop programs. Perhaps Muttawakil is also concerned about the reported \$20

(continued on page 102)



"This guy's a real sicko. He asks you to put your arms around him, then he throws up!"











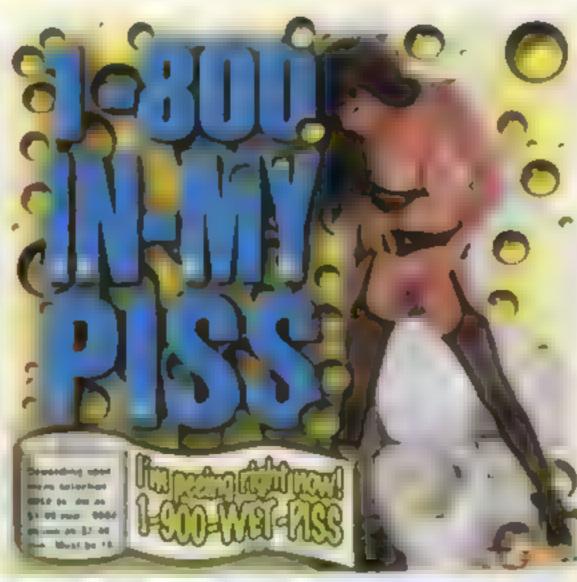
















































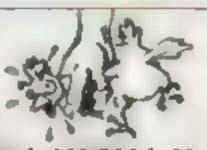


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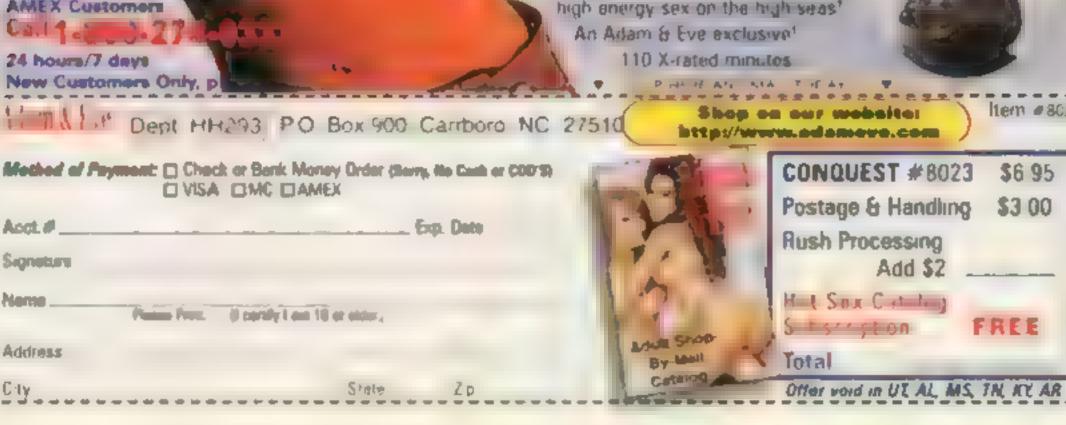
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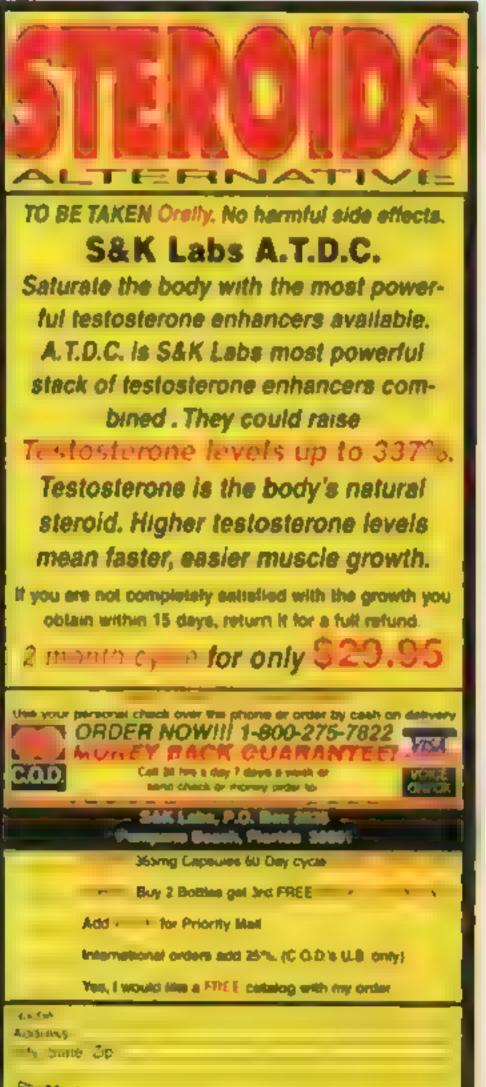
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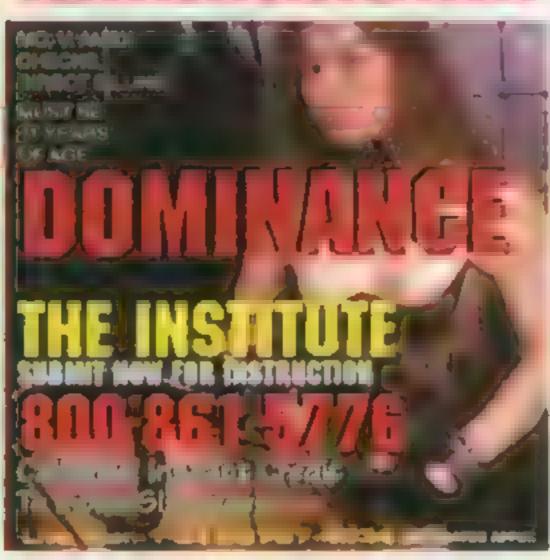


















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(continued from page 94)

## Heroin for Allah Haroon believes that opium is a crop just like any

other. "The West is the problem, not Afghanistan. It is the Americans and Europeans who abuse drugs."

to \$50 million a year the Taliban earn from the narcotics trade.

Dinner at the rest house on the smuggling route consists of tea, nan and Afghan soup, which amounts to animal fat mixed with boiling water. Everyone tears into the nan and dips the chewy bread into the soup, which has the appearance and consistency of 20-weight oil.

When leaves plug the spout of the tea kettle, one of the older smugglers, an ancient man with rotting teeth, puts the spout into his mouth to clear the obstruction. He politely refills my cup. I accept, but discretely pour the rank fluid on the dirt floor of the but.

After dinner, some of the men smoke and talk about the opium trade. "I tell you this," says Akhil, an Afghan farmer. "No one can stop the farmers from growing opium. We depend on it for money. There is nothing else."

What Akhil says is not strictly accurate. Wheat and other crops can easily be grown, but they are not nearly as profstable as opium. Afghanistan's opium farmers, who number around 200,000, can receive loans on their crops; or, if the growers are desperate for money, they can sell part or all of their crop at a reduced price prior to harvest.

Haroon, my interpreter, believes that opium is a crop just like any other. "The West is the problem, not Afghanistan. It is the Americans and Europeans who abuse drugs."

At the mention of the United States, Gulam, a skinny, bearded smuggler in his mid-40s, looks up from the embers of the fire. "Why does America hate Islam?"

"It is the West that corrupts our country," adds Mohammed, Gulam's friend. In spite of U.S. support of the mujahideen, anti-Soviet freedom fighters, during the Afghan-Soviet war, many Afghans regard both the United States and the Soviet Union as enemies of Islam.

After dinner, we stretch out side by side in two long rows, heads against the outside wall, feet toward the center of the hovel. The hard, dirt floor is covered with a thin, straw mat. We use our coats for pillows and cover ourselves with pattou, medium-weight Afghan blankets. In spite of the loud snoring, sleep comes easily.

The next morning on the trail, it feels good to breathe fresh air after spending the night in crowded, smoky quarters. A couple of the Afghans cough up bloodprobably tuberculosis, epidemic in parts of this country. The climb along the mountain trails is exhausting; despite the cold, I'm soaked with sweat.

Although some of the smugglers wear only cheap, plastic shoes or worn, leather dress shoes without laces or socks, the sturdy porters, under loads of explosives and builets, move at a steady pace and show no signs of fatigue. Our procession stops near a small stream where the hands and feet can be washed, as is customary prior to facing Mecca for prayers.

Back on the trail, we come across a village consisting of a few mud buildings, the type in which opium is processed into heroin before being sent back across the border to Pakistan. In places, fields of poppies stretch across the alpine valleys. We have arrived at the fringe of Afghanistan's drug-producing region.

A few days later, we reach a fortified bastion, a cross between a French Foreign Legion post and a Taos pueblo. The stronghold consists of a series of one-story buildings surrounded by 20-foot wall with one entrance. Everything is made of the universal Afghan building materials: dirt, water and straw. Planking runs around the perimeter of the outer wall for shooters to defend the compound against attack. Each structure is divided into several rooms, some of which are used to store weapons and drugs; other rooms are sleeping quarters.

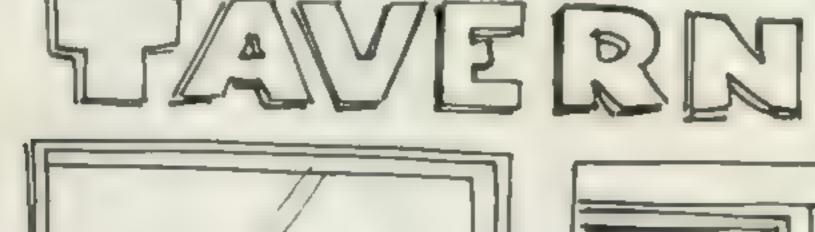
A well stands near the center of the compound. A ladle cut from an old tire is used to hoist muddy water, great quantities of which are used in the process of refining opium into morphine base. Foulsmelling 55-gallon drums of acetic anhydride, a chemical used in the refining process, stand behind the buildings.

I have reached one of the opium labs from which the international heroin trade originates. Workers refine the raw poppy bulbs in dark, poorly ventilated shops using Bronze Age technology. This tableau is a world away from the inner-city streets where junkies score smack, but the two worlds are intimately connected by the sinuous underground railroad of speedboats, secret airfields, middlemen and payoffs that makes up the global drug route.

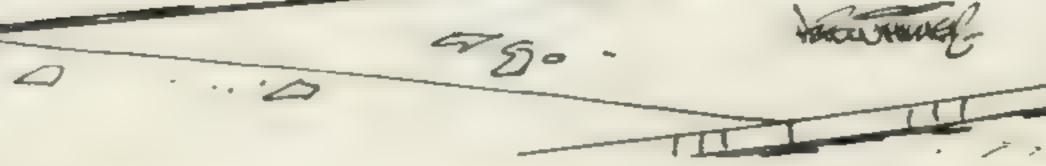
Due to unexplained delays and sporadic fighting that closes one of the trails, what was meant to be a brief visit to Nangarhar becomes a two-month stretch of listless waiting for the next caravan traveling east. Finally, I join a group of smugglers who are taking a team of 30 horses burdened with tightly bound, 200-pound bundles of opium and 20-pound sacks of heroin back to Peshawar.

Politics and religion make for strange bedfellows; adding heroin to the mix makes for an even stranger ménage à trois.

(continued on page 118)









"Of course I didn't forget our anniversary, dear.... I'm celebrating it right now!"



Sadistic Samantha is a rugged adventurist. Windsurfing, rock climbing and snake breeding are the activities that occupy the off time of this 22-year-old dancer from New York, New York. The blond fireball aches to be a lesbian star-fucker. Her fantasy of having "a threesome with my boyfriend and Drew Barrymore" has yet to be fulfilled. Crack your whip, Samantha, and Drew will drop to her knees and beg for your sweet pussy.

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 1999 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture, and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900. Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1999 Grand Prize—a photo-leature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



TNT Toni is ready to explode with pleasure. A dancer and fashion advisor from Cleveland, Ohio, TNF Toni, 31, is always on the lookout for fun. "Working out, designing clothes, and pampering myself and others" ignite this Nubian beauty. An equal-opportunity lesbo, TNT Toni's fantasy is "to be with two or three other women of different nationalities." I'NT Toni, you're the rainbow bomb!

Photo by Friend

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Wet and wild Michelle loves to ride Harleys and sunbathe.

The leggy blonde is a 30-year-old cosmetologist from

Atlanta, Georgia, who doesn't know what else she can do.

Atlanta, Georgia, who doesn't know what else she can do, sexually speaking. "I've fulfilled all of my sexual fantasies, sexually speaking. "I've fulfilled all of my sexual fantasies, but I'm open to new ideas." That much is obvious, Michelle, but I'm open to new ideas." That much is obvious, Michelle, Hold that position, and a new idea just might find you!

Photo by Friend

Exotic Mercedez is a natural beauty and an entertainer by trade. Mercedez, 22, loves to travel, and she quenches her wanderlust whenever she can. Corpus Christi, Texas, is the place that sultry Mercedez calls home. Shopping and dancing are her passions. Despite her laid-back nature, Mercedez harbors a sexual fantasy that invites danger. I want to make love outside on a rainy night during a serious thunder-and-lightning storm," she tells us. Mercedez, you are electrifying.



Angel is under arrest for crimes of loving passion. A topless dancer and manicurist in her hometown of Fayetteville, North Carolina, Angel enjoys reading, swimming and all other outdoor activities whenever she has the chance. Tight and tanned at 37, Angel fantasizes about "being stranded on a secluded island with my hubby." Here's one romantic who deserves to be punished.

Photo by Husband



Michelle models crotchless
pantyhose of her own creation.
Spontaneous fashion design is a
rip-roaring good time for 29year-old Michelle. This shavedgash girlie also enjoys collecting
Beanie Babies and dildos, and
lists Chicago, Illinois, as her
home. She fantasizes about
"being with another sexy
woman." Will you be tearing
through her pantyhose to taste
her meat? Let's hope so.
Photo by Hashard





High-steppin' Cheryl is a fresh 20-year-old from Cincinnati, Ohio, Cancan dancing provides an exhibitrating adrenaline rush for Cheryl, who also enjoys swiming and sex. Cheryl trains her body in anticipation of ming and sex. Cheryl trains her body in anticipation of ming and sex. Cheryl trains her body in anticipation of public nudity. "I hope to pose nude on top of Fountain public nudity. "I hope to pose nude on top of Fountain Square in Cincinnati someday," confides bubbly Cheryl.

Will you be making water, Miss Cheryl.



Kickboxing and karate make this assertive Bunny hop into action. A computer operator by trade, charming Bunny, 35, knows what she wants and is determined to fulfill her dreams. "Making it with two other women in a tub" is one fantasy. "Having wild sex with another couple in front of my husband" is another. Sounds like a Bunny bed-hopping good time!

Photo by Husband



A therapist by day and an entertainer by night, Barbara, 36, might be considered a split personality. Hailing from Cleveland, Ohio, this limber gal's interests include art, music and writing, Barbara hopes that her fun and engaging personality will help make her a star in porno movies, where she dreams of "making love with two or more women at the same time." Hey, Barbara, how many bahes can you fit on your couch? Photo by Friend



Vivacious Vicki puts the bombshell in blonde. A college student from Madison, Wisconsin, 20-year-old Vicki sets her schoolwork aside for the great outdoors whenever she can. Hunting, fishing and boating are Vicki's favorite activities. A lover of "any kind of sex," Vicki fantasizes about rolling around with "an older man on a secluded beach or deep in a forest," Romantic Vicki, you are a golden treasure.

Photo by Friend



Lovely Lisa hungers for an opportunity to bare her naked flesh for HUSTLER readers. This self-titled domestic engineer (housewife) spends her daytime hours taking care of the young 'uns in Dallas, North Carolina. When Lisa has spare time for herself, she enjoys sunbathing, swimming, howling and dancing. "Dancing and modeling for my bushand" turn Lisa on. You certainly have all the right moves, Lisa.

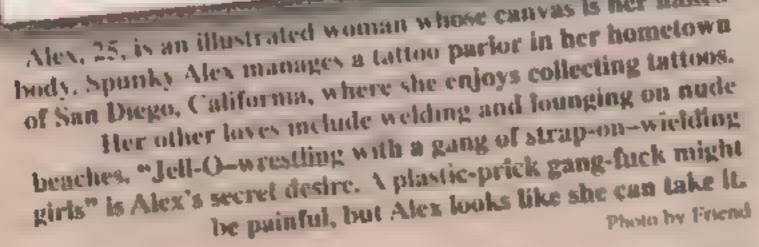
Photo by Husband



Polish Immigrant Lena offers ber sweet charms as a cultural exchange. A factory production manager by day, 29-year-old Lena struts her stuff as a "hot, sexy-dance model" at night. "I love nude dance," Lena tells us. "My dance is hot and sweet." Budyshaking is fun, but romantic Lena loves to give full-body massages in Chicago, Illinois, her adopted home. Black dick is her secret passion. "I need black dick in my tight ass same time with husband fucking me there," Lena confides. Any volunteers?

Photo by Friend

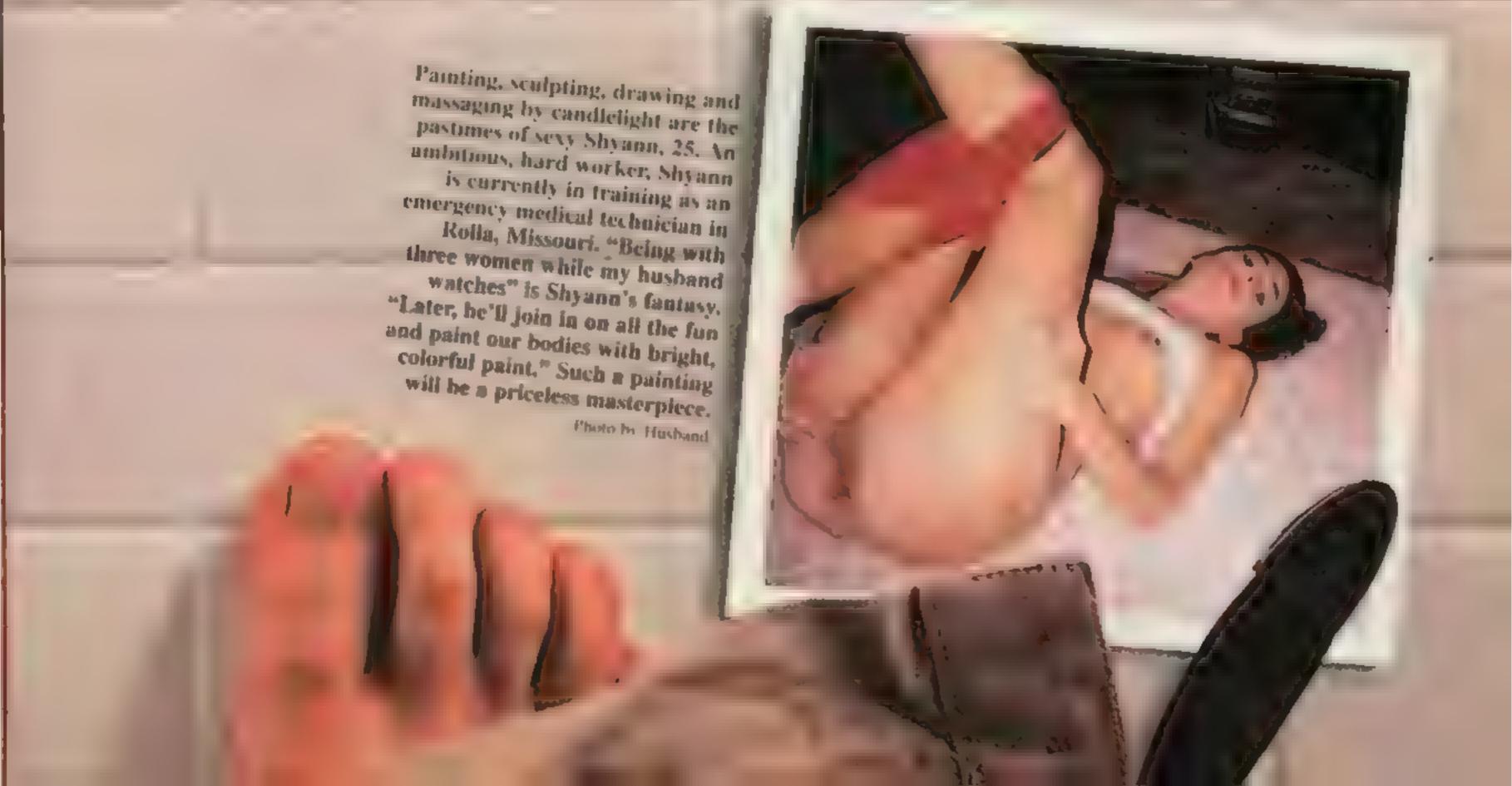






Baywatch lifeguards thrill the pants off Jenny, a 20-year-old student from Irvine, California. With her long, chestnut tresses, her tight, leggy body and a winning smile, lovely Jenny will certainly win friends and influence people. Jenny hopes to work in the communications field and utilize her writing skills. Hiking, swimming, traveling and scuba diving inspire giddy squeals and laughter from this California babe. Don't worry, Jenny; if you laugh yourself unconscious, the Baywatch bohunks will revive you.

Photo by Friend











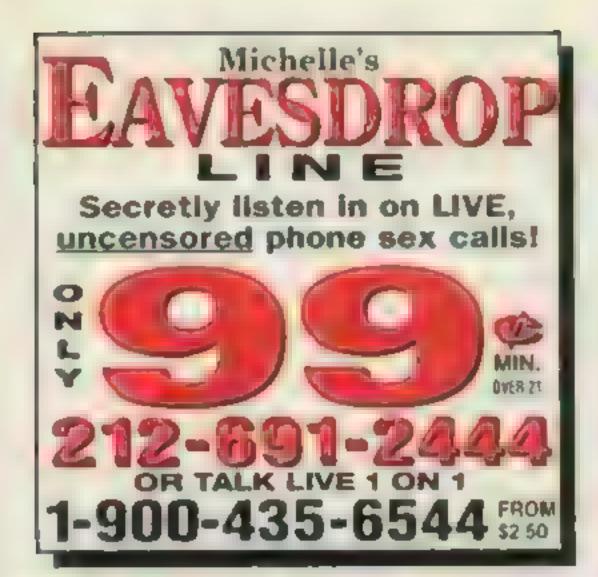






























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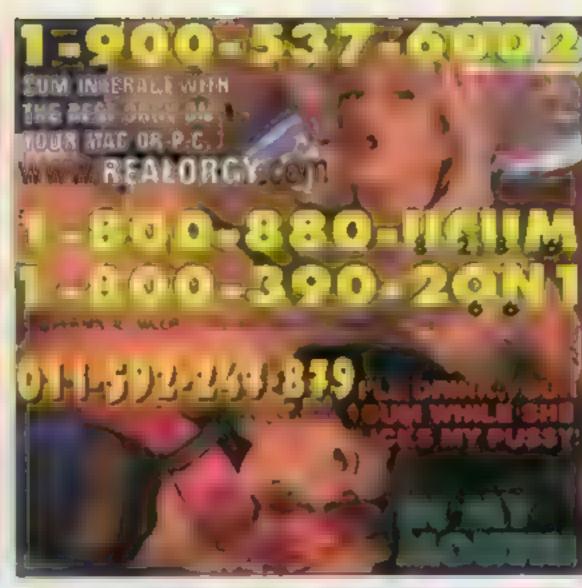
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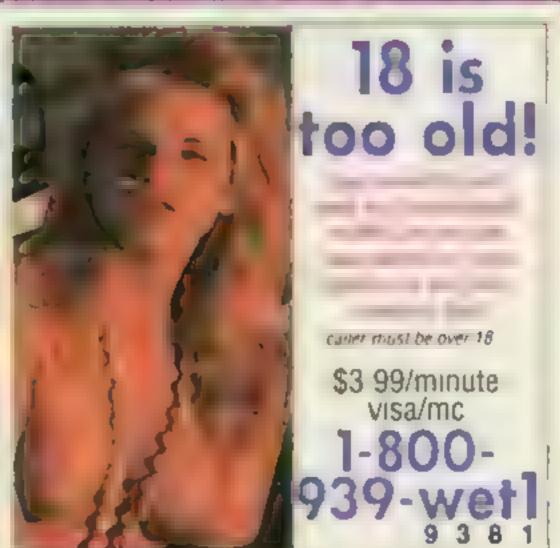
















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# Heroin for Allah

(continued from page 102)

According to the World Geopolitics of Drugs (OGD), an international monitoring agency based in France, the bulk of the heroin produced and sold by the Taliban for their Islamic revolution passes to another group of Muslims half a continent away in Western Europe. Much of the Afghan opium, which accounts for 80% of Europe's heroin supply, travels into the former Yugoslav Republics.

Independent journalists have reported that Kosovar Albanians purchase Afghan heroin from Russian and Turkish dealers and smuggle the drugs into Europe with the help of Albanian enclaves in Germany, Switzerland and other countries. Albanians, who are predominantly Muslim, deal in heroin to support their cause: an independent Kosovo, blessed by Allah.

"To Albanians, smuggling and the black market are a way of life," says Mousii, a recent United States immigrant who fled the chaos in the former Yugoslav Republic, "Drugs simply offer more money than anything else; that's why they transport them."

The Drug Enforcement Administration reports that the Albanians make up one of the largest heroin-smuggling networks in Europe. Some of the drug profits apparently support the Kosovo Liberation

Army, championed by the U. S. government and media as freedom fighters.

An article that appeared in the London Times cited "growing evidence that drug money is funding the KLA's leap from obscurity to power." The Times report indicates that as much as half of the funding for the KLA's guerrilla war comes from drug proceeds. Profits do not come without a price though; hundreds of Albanian drug smugglers are incarcerated in European jails.

"Would I be shocked to find that people in the KLA are involved in drug trafficking in some way, either to make money or tell themselves they've got a cause where the ends justify the means? I'd be shocked to find out it wasn't true," says Sherman Hinson, policy planning coordinator with the INL, an expert on the international drug trade. "It's tremendously easy for anyone who wants to be a bandit to just claim he's a partisan. That was the situation through most of World War II in what was Yugoslavia."

Politicians and religious leaders can find a way to justify any activity, no matter how illegal, by waving the flag of nationalism or invoking the name of God. And so it is with the Taliban and elements of the KLA, whose slogan might very well be: "Heroin for Allah, profits for us."



# **Anal Queens**

(continued from page 68)

"Get the fuck away from me," she says.

"Someone turn on the hose."

Eyebrows furrow with concern and stomachs tighten. Mila harangues her volunteer hose assistant with a comical Russian accent.

"I'm vaiting. Nu, I'm vaiting," Mila says. "Still vaiting. Still fucking vaiting. Okay, give me some more; I think I can feel it in my stomach; give me some more. Okay, my legs are beginning to shake. Okay, I think I have enough. Off. Completely off."

Mila withdraws the hose and blows a great geyser of water out of her rectum.

"Mila, your ass is an institution," says woodsman Dave Hardman, available for Mila to fuck when she is hungry for man meat. "Will the wonders never cease?"

"These people wanted to see the fucking freak show; so I give them a freak show," Mila says.

Mila lies on the bricks of the patio, grasps her ankles, pulls her feet up near her ears and bears down, pushing her sphineters outward as though laying an egg. Slowly, like a flower opening, tissues that don't normally see the light of day erupt out of her anus until her rectum protrudes like a second, petalled vagina.

A cameraman shooting the action between Mila's legs instinctively rears up off his knees. "Jesus," he says.

"It's strokable," says Dave Hardman. "I was stroking to it last night."

Mila's "rose colon," her claim to fame, is a medical condition known as anal prolapse. Prolapse, which can be corrected only by surgery, is most common in women between 60 and 80 who have a history of chronic constipation, Mila's asshole, on the other hand, has been devastated by porn's voracious appetite for fantasy fulfillment. Every type of masturbator, from the sadist to the closeted fag, is reflected in and by Mila's asshole.

Mila pushes her rectum back into her body. "It's normal now," she says. "But if I don't want it to be normal, it doesn't have to be."

Is Mila the queen of anal or the queen of self-destruction? For sheer anal showmanship, the blond banshee stands in the company of Le Petomane, the sensation of Paris's Moulin Rouge, who was capable of playing the 1812 Overture with farts. His directed flatulence could blow out the gas-jet footlights onstage from several feet away.

In the spirit of Le Petomane, Mila is the reigning queen of anal, an honor both dubious and esteemed.



"Lady, I don't abuse alcohol. I happen to take damn good care of my alcohol!"















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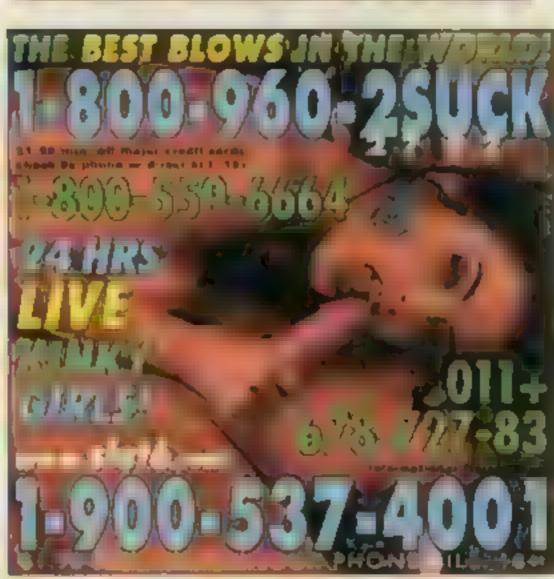


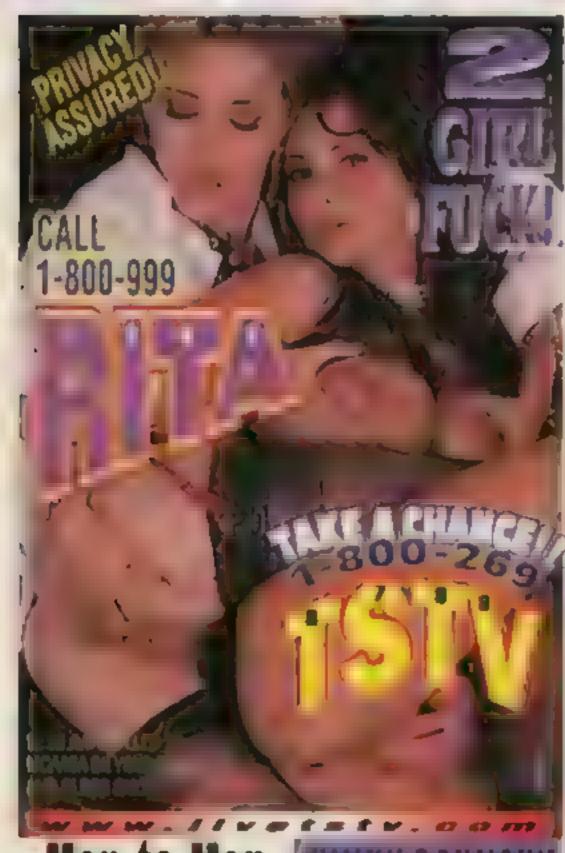












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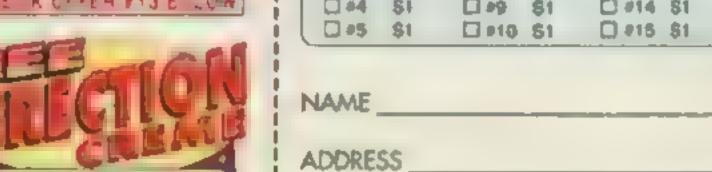


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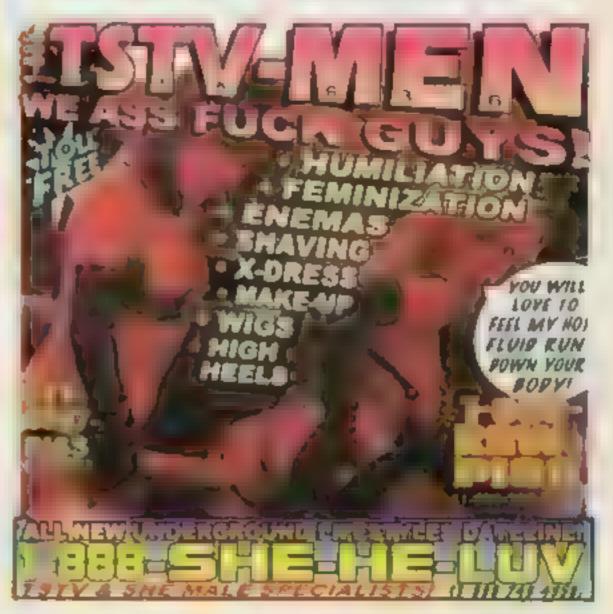






















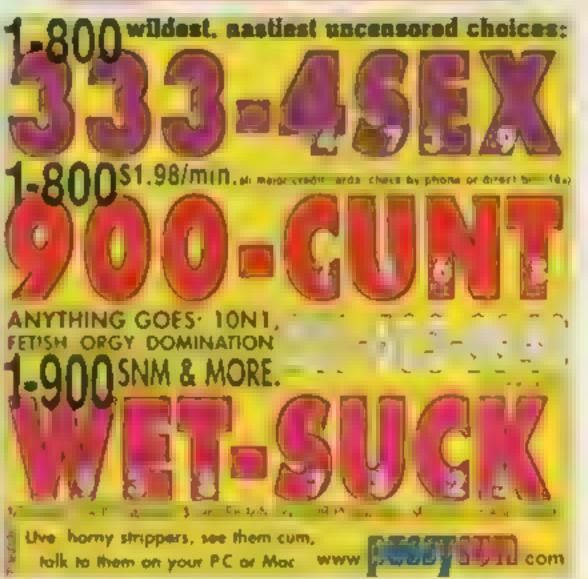




























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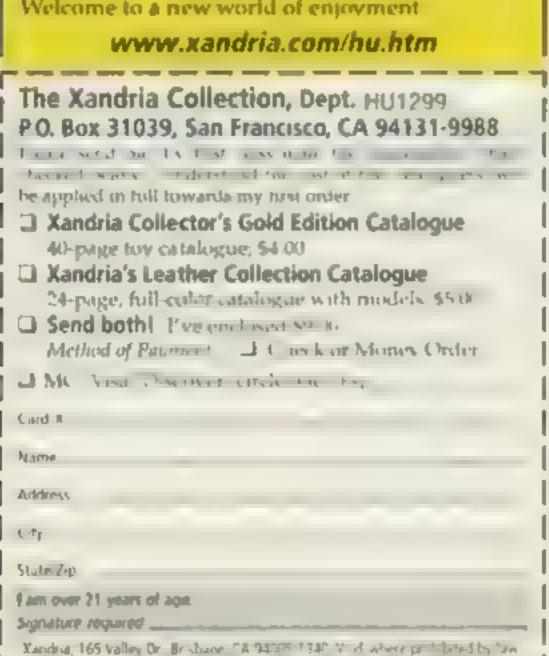
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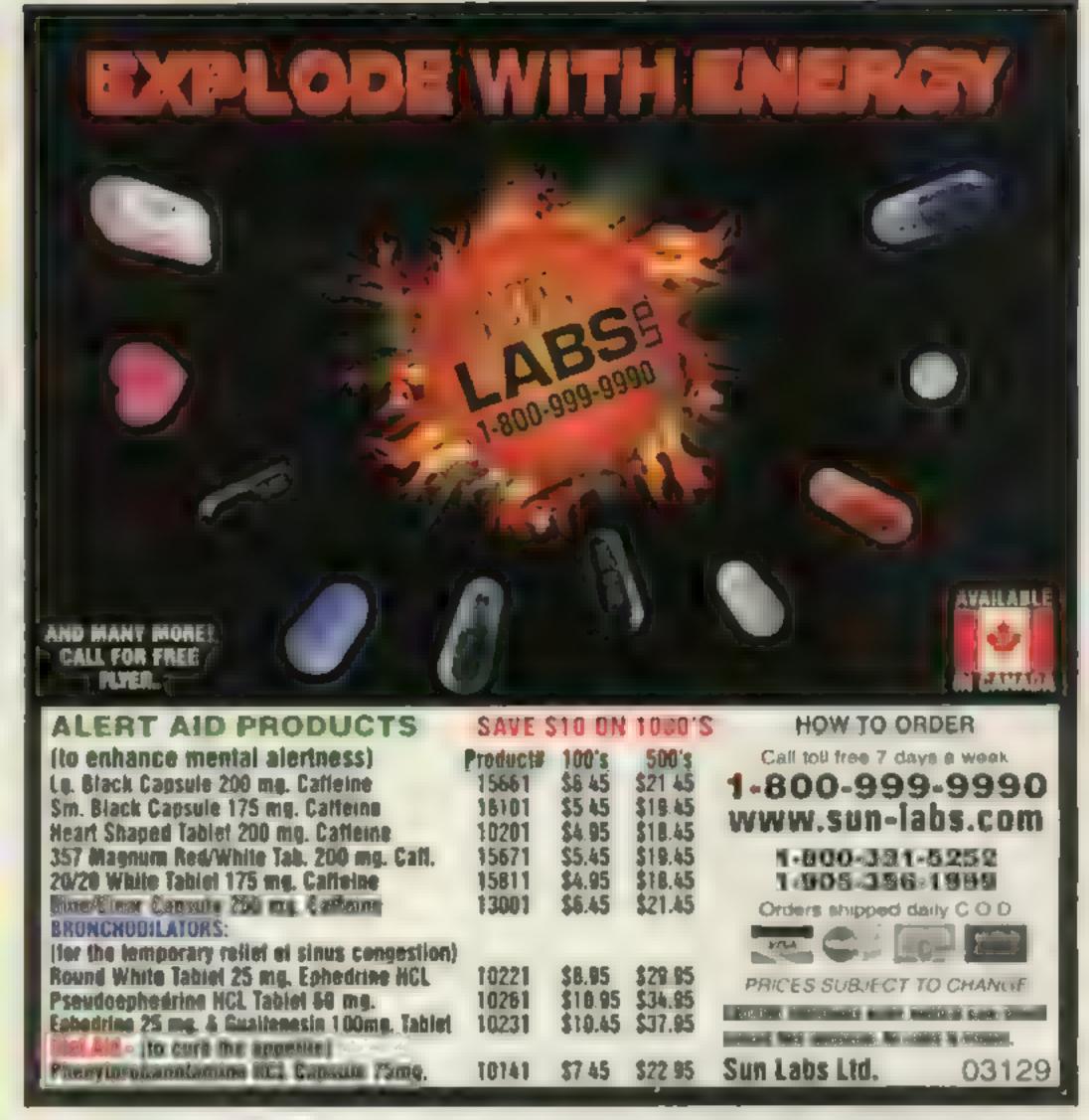
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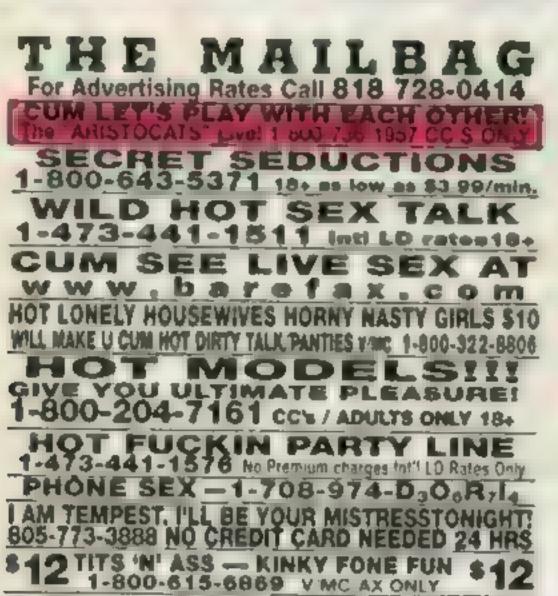












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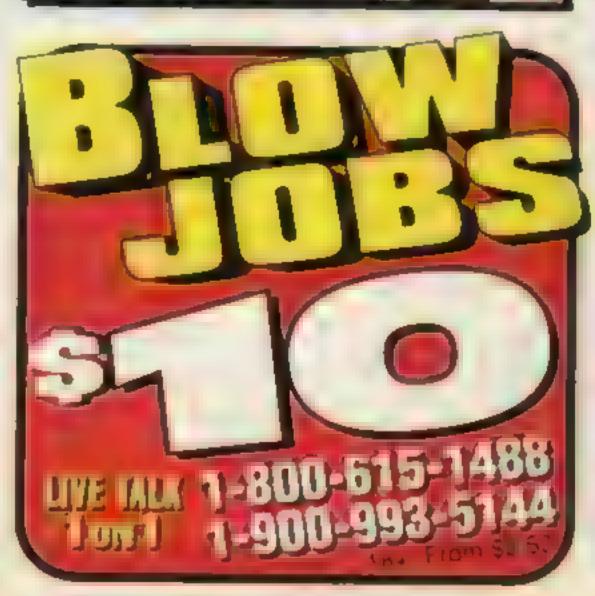
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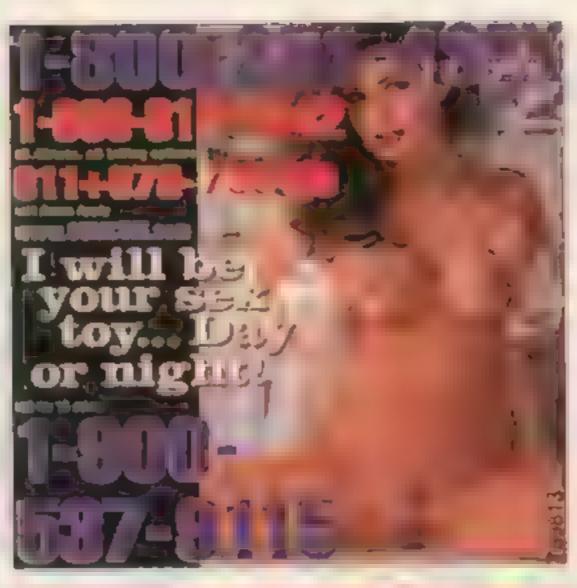
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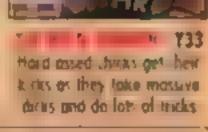


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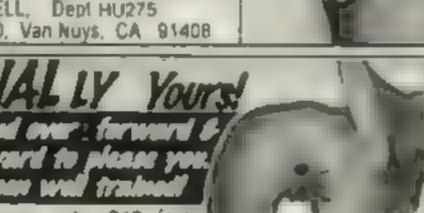


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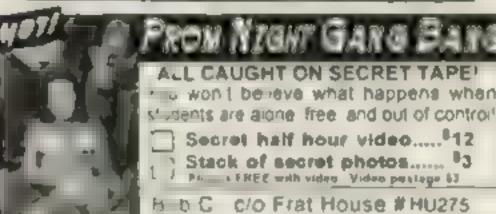
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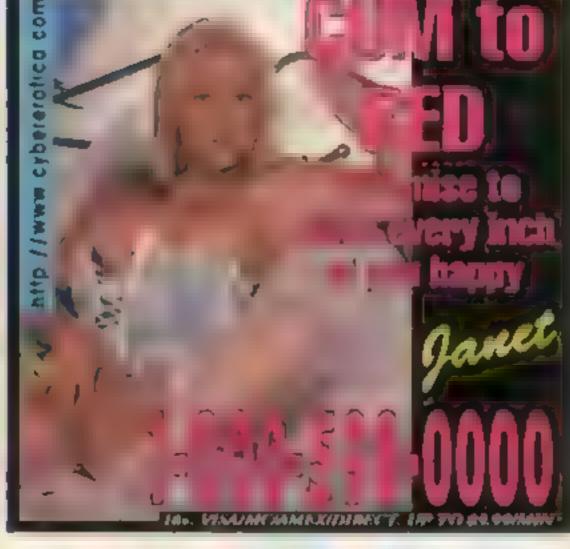














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- Bob R , Chicago, Illinois

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Tests determined the effectiveness and reliability for each pump. A large number of penis pumps failed after only less than 100 strokes Tests measured the amount of vacuum created and sustained or if there were leaks due to air loss.

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plastic was cut from straight raw stock and glued to the pumps MAfter all of our tests we have determined that the Dr. Bross pens pumps are far super or to any other vacuum pumps for penis enlargement.

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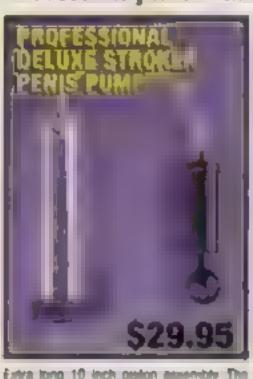


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As an added bonus, we include FREE the Dr. Bross Penis Enlargement Photo Album and Penis Enlargement video. Actual photos and videos of users enlarging their penis.



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(continued from page 43)

# Hot Letters I grabbed onto her plump ass cheeks for balance. Infuriated, Piper pushed my face away. She squeezed out a massive queef, blowing the fishy raspberry all over my shocked visage.

"Sorry, Pi-ahh, Mistress Piper," I mumbled, quickly placing my johnson back in my pants. "It's just those big, fucking melons of yours...and your perfect, fucking ass, which I'd love to cover in jizz...." The dom of my dreams shocked me by roughly grabbing the back of my head. I thought she was going to tear my hair out.

Through clenched teeth, she growled, "You've got a dirty mouth. I stood in that bathroom, listening to you curse like a sailor. Bad boys need to clean their mouths out with Mistress Piper's snatch." Upon uttering those fateful words, she forced me to my knees and straddled my face. I couldn't believe Piper's brute strength. Her pale thighs almost smothered me. She tugged at a zipper, opening her leather crotch, and commanded, "Lick the clit, slave!"

I was a little overwhelmed by Piper's hairy muff; in my jerk sessions, she was always clean-shaven. Regardless, my tongue snaked through the forest of dark pubes to settle on her love button. The meaty labes draped over my chin like a pair of beef curtains. As I licked, Piper ground her toned hips; she was literally fucking my face. I felt humiliated, but there was no way to protest with her juices flooding my mouth.

I swirled my taste buds around the little man in the boat, then switched to up-anddown tongue swaths, providing maximum friction. Piper's body rocked; she was obviously enjoying the evening's first orgasm. The way her groin bore down threatened to break my back. I grabbed onto her plump ass cheeks for balance. Infuriated, Piper pushed my face away. Her eyes narrowed. She squeezed out a massive queef, blowing the fishy raspberry all over my shocked visage.

"Useless bitch!" she screamed, kicking at me. I scurried out of the path of her flying platforms—unfortunately, not fast enough to avoid a toe in the gut. The wind was momentarily knocked out of me. Gasping, I crawled toward the sanctuary of the kitchen, closely followed by her boots of fury. She ordered, "Pull down your pants and bend over that hot, dirty, greasy grill!"

Struggling for air, I croaked, "Look, Piper, I'm not really into this. Let's call it even. Do I need to pay you or someooof!" Her right came out of nowhere, cracking me across the jaw. I was stunned; this was clearly personal. Either Piper was taking revenge for all the days I had spent fixated on her perfect backside...or she had enjoyed all the ogling and was showing her sick, twisted appreciation. The latter was true, if her rigid nipples and leaking twat were any indication. I reluctantly dropped trou and assumed the position.

A searing pain lashed my ass. I think the first thing I noticed was the blistering heat; the force of Piper's blows came next. She was paddling me with my own spatula! Whack after whack blistered my poor posterior. I knew I'd have a harder time sitting down than Mary after his long weekend. Having satiated her rage, Piper told me to turn around. Her eyes grew wide. I was just as surprised by the gigantic state of my angry, bloodengorged rod.

My mistress clambered onto me and tucked my mushroom cap between her soaking pussy lips. She grabbed the back of my head again and pinned my hand to the stove. Then she fucked the shit out of me. With one thrust of her hips, Piper vaginally swallowed every inch of my swollen member. Her eyes rolled back in her head like a bitch possessed. Piper's powerful booty thrust against me with such force that I couldn't move, yet I felt the biggest climax of my life building in my balls.

"Shiiit!" she howled, tilting her abdomen for that all-important clitoral Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite stimulation. "Take it, bitch! Take my

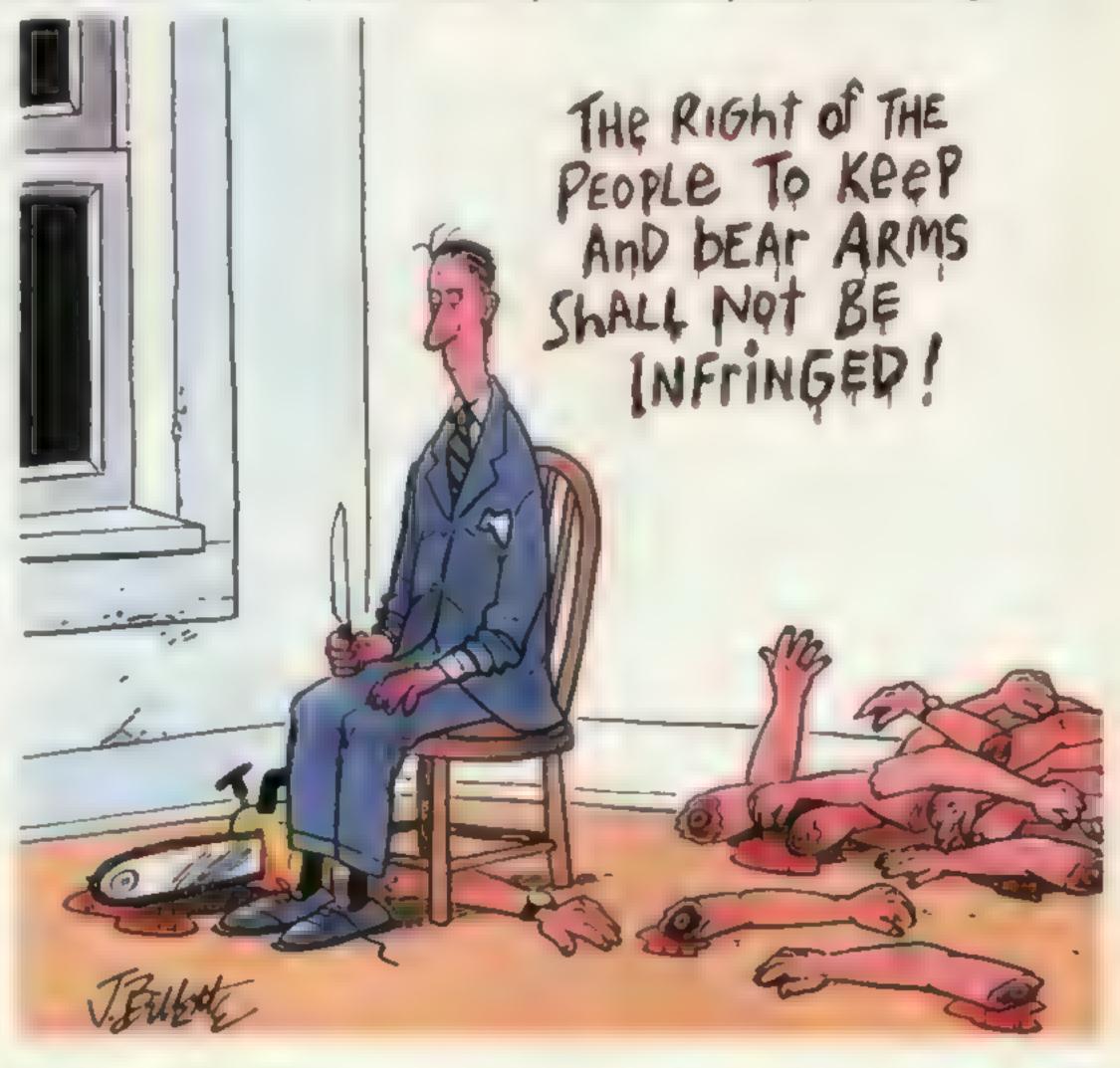
pussy! Make my pussy come with your big, fucking horse cah...cahhh...cahhhming!" Piper erupted in a seizurelike series of fits and spasms. Her clam tightened around my joint, milking my most intimate muscles for a splattery finish. Seeing as the shattering orgasm had caught Piper off guard, I gathered all the strength I had left and pushed her.

Piper landed on her cushy bum, a look of bewilderment on her face. Soon, I couldn't see her expression; her arched features were hidden beneath a gallon of my spewing scum. I stood above the leather-clad cunt, pounding my pud furiously. So much spunk flew from my nozzle, I was afraid Piper might drown. Instead, she burst into tears and ran outside. I don't know what the fuck that was supposed to mean. Frankly, I don't care.

The only thing I care about is banging her again, but Mary says she won't-even if I pay. Of course, that swishy piece of shit claims he might be able to help out...if I suck him off. I'm this close to beating that faggot's face in, but I really want to fuck Piper again. -R. N.

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Natasha runs her fingers through her own dense undergrowth, finding her way to the glistening pearl at its center. "We have a saying in my country: A leafless tree can bear no fruit. As you can see, I'm in full bloom—and very ripe."









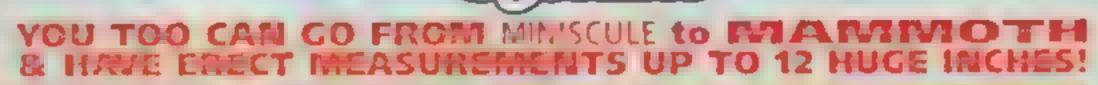








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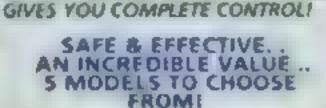
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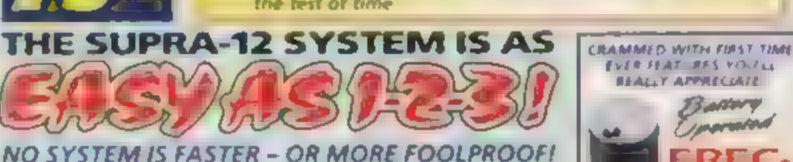
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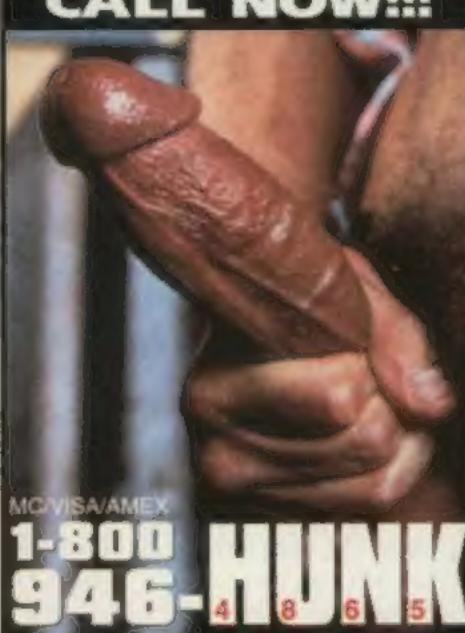
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# HUSTLER

# HOLIDAY BOOTY

Gifts of dripping gash come in tight packages in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue. A platinum-blond ice queen drills for pussy nectar, proving that Eskimo hair pie is finger-fucking good. A pixie-haired brunette rams her passive, blond girlfriend with a manly dildo. A busty Latina sparks electric heat beneath the hum of power lines above. Tiny titties and tight twat lure a petite blonde's boyfriend near. When the sweet thing pees on the floor, you can bet she'll be punished by her boyfriend's engorged meat club. Come celebrate HUSTLER's Holiday Issue Christmas cooze and warm your winter willie in front of HUSTLER's pussy fire.

## YOUR CHICK IS IN THE MAIL

The mail-order bride has traditionally been laughed off by society as a desperate loner's attempt at marital bliss. In reality, modern American men are increasingly turning to overseas marriage catalogs for traditional, marriage-minded women whose devotion is assured. Today's U. S. male is more willing to deal with the cultural and language barriers inherent in marrying a foreign bride than to struggle with his local, female counterpart. Are Asian, Latin or Eastern European brides exotic dreams or high-maintenance night-mares? Find out in HUSTLER reporter Peter Gauguin's current assessment, The Chick Is in the Mail.

### **ELECTRIC S&M**

Is your sex life dull and unstimulating? Then perhaps a spirited combination of sadomasochism and electricity will enliven your dead wire. Mistresses, slaves and electricians unite: S&M role-players in Manhattan's underground sex clubs have added electricity to the whip-and-chain game, and the results are stimulating. Bizarre, intensely throbbing currents ignite static pricks with wave after wave of nerve stimulus in darkened dungeons of cum-soaked doom. Experience future-sex thrills in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue Sex Play, "Watts Up Your Ass."

## STOCKING STUFFERS

HUSTLER's Holiday Issue also investigates the controversial topic of Viagra in porn. Is the certainty of wood a sure-fire hit, or simply borrowed time for soggy blue-screen grandpas? HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces features a handy Christmas-gift guide for that Jew on your list. Discover appropriate Christmas gifts for the Jew who has everything (except a messiah). Come, all ye faithful, joyful and tri-umphant neighborhood pussy hounds. HUSTLER's Holiday Beaver Hunt spreads seasonal cheer with glistening twat tinsel. Sprinkle good tidings onto HUSTLER's Holiday Issue, and ring in the New Year with a bang.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com





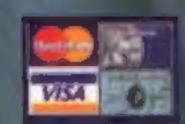


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